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The Week

FOR MANY YEARS, everyone familiar with the far-eastern situation has predicted that Manchuria, "the Balkans of the Orient," would be the scene of the next serious outbreak of trouble. These predictions seem in a fair way to be fulfilled, although Japan, which is usually pictured as one of the belligerents, appears to be a more or less innocent bystander. Friction between China and Russia over the Chinese Eastern Railway has entered a serious phase. The Chinese have raided the Russian consulate at Harbin, and charge that they there discovered proof that communist propaganda is being carried on actively. About thirty Russian executives of the railway have been expelled from the territory, and feeling between the two governments is running high. While it is not certain that the action of the Manchurian officials was directed from Nanking, it has the support of the Nationalist government. Neither China nor Russia is in a position to carry on an effective war. The Chinese government is impoverished, and is only just beginning to recuperate from the struggle against Feng Yu-hsiang and the other *tuchuns*. Russia has a large military force, but most of it is in Europe, and the transportation facilities across Siberia are inadequate for any extensive movement of troops and supplies.

THE DISPUTE over control of the railway has been bitter and long, but there is no inherent reason why it could not be settled amicably through negotiations. The allied subject of communist propaganda is a vexing one, but China's problem in this regard does not differ from that of the other powers which have recognized Russia. The quarrel is, as a whole, precisely the sort which the League of Nations was created to solve. China has long been a member of the League, and Russia in recent years has shown an increasing disposition to use the facilities available at Geneva. Under the terms of the Covenant, either China or any other member of the League can institute negotiations for the use of its good offices. It has sometimes been said that the League is not afraid to intervene in quarrels between the smaller countries, but hesitates to step in when any of the major powers are involved. Here is a chance to show that this accusation is false, and at the same time perform a most useful service for the peace of the world.

FROM an opportunist point of view, no doubt the British Labor government acted wisely in refusing to admit Trotsky. The MacDonald regime is about to resume full diplomatic relations with the Soviet government, and the Russians would undoubtedly resent what they would interpret as a gesture of friendliness to their exiled former leader. Keeping Trotsky out is also effective propaganda among the British Tories, an answer to the charge which they are always making, that the Labor party is ultra-radical. There is nothing else to be said in favor of the government's action, however, and a good deal against it. Great Britain has traditionally been hospitable to political exiles from other lands, regardless of the relation between the two governments involved. There is no more reason to bar Trotsky because of friendliness toward Russia than there was for the Tory government to bar

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Professor Salvemini, for instance, because of friendliness toward Mussolini, and for once a Conservative cabinet was more tolerant than one representing Labor. Coming to more practical matters, what harm could Trotsky do in England? As a propagandist for Communism, he is far less dangerous than the officials of the Soviet government who will presently return to British soil. It is easy to understand Mr. MacDonald's reasoning in the Trotsky case: he chose the immediate evil for what he considered to be the ultimate more important good. He did not care, with memories of the Zinoviev letter fresh in his mind, to risk having his government fall now on an issue of no practical importance. Without having his facilities for learning the public temper in Great Britain, we believe that he was wrong, and as evidence we offer the almost unanimous criticism his act received from a group which may fairly be described as neutral observers —the editors of the Liberal press.

CONDITIONS in the southern textile mills, which have several times been described in the columns of The New Republic, have at last produced a serious effort at amelioration through the only remedy which is effective in the long run —the unionization of the workers. The effort which is now beginning is under conservative labor auspices, and, therefore, cannot be damned as communistic; the participants are the American Federation of Labor, the United Textile Workers of America, the Women's Trade Union League, the League for Industrial Democracy and other similar groups. A nation-wide citizens' committee of one thousand is to be formed, which ought to be useful in helping to bring to the attention of the American public the disgracefully low wages, long hours and bad working conditions which prevail generally throughout the South, and have been responsible for the recent epidemic of strikes in South Carolina and Tennessee.

THESE strikes have been accompanied, as our readers know, by reckless violations of civil liberty on the part of local and state authorities. Troops have been used virtually as strike breakers; strikers have been cruelly beaten, and otherwise harassed, in an endeavor to destroy their morale. The charge that mill owners and political officials are working hand in glove to keep down wages and prevent the development of unions is amply demonstrated to be true. The awakening of social consciousness in the South has been an important factor in improving relations between the whites and the Negroes; and this fact suggests the value of such efforts as are now being launched. Even if the attempt at unionization is not at present successful, the citizens' committee of one thousand, of which a majority is to come from the South, should be of value in teaching their communities that textile workers, after all, are human beings. This is sometimes, apparently, a hard lesson.

IS NORTH CAROLINA preparing another Sacco-Vanzetti case? Many persons who have looked into the forthcoming trial of fifteen textile strikers and union organizers at Gastonia believe that it is. These fifteen persons are being tried jointly for murder in the first degree, because of the death of O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia's chief of police, who was shot and killed during a raid on the strike headquarters on June 7. Of the fifteen, ten are youthful strikers. The other five are union organizers or workers, two men and three women. The state does not contend that any of these fifteen fired the fatal shot, but that their actions incited the violence which resulted in the shooting of Aderholt. To hold fifteen persons for murder in the first degree under such circumstances would seem to be an absurdity; but feeling runs so high in Gastonia and surrounding districts that there is grave danger of a verdict of guilty. The International Labor Defense and the American Civil Liberties Union have come to the aid of the defendants; a fund is being raised for the expenses of the trial, and able southern attorneys, who will understand the psychology of judge and jury, have been retained. The trial will undoubtedly be conducted in a blaze of world-wide publicity, and it is well that this should be so. Injustice to working men through the courts has been too common of recent years; we cannot afford another example of it.

RADICALS are fond of saying that there is no such thing as public opinion; or rather, that opinion can be so manipulated that it is a completely unreliable instrument of social control. While there are plenty of instances which seem to support this view, there are also some which point in the opposite direction. A recent example of the latter class, and a good one, is the purchase of newspapers by the International Paper and Power Company. As readers of The New Republic know, this organization spent many millions of dollars and bought control of a dozen newspapers, including some in the chief cities of the country. The purchases were made in secret, but were ferreted out in an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission. There followed almost universal condemnation, from one end of the country to the other, and now, the I. P. and P. announces that it is disposing of all its newspaper properties. It is said that this policy was decided upon even before the investigation and the resulting public clamor; but since there was no such suggestion to that effect in the testimony of Mr. Graustein, president of the company, before the Federal Trade Commission, the terms of the statement may be accepted as an extremely feeble and incompetent effort at face saving. The I. P. and P. has been licked in a fair fight; and it has been licked by public opinion and nothing else.

THE collision of the British submarines H-47 and L-12 has sent another twenty-three men to a peculiarly horrible death. Their names are thus added

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to a long list of peace-time victims of a type of vessel which is practical valueless except for war. This disaster has revived the question, Why the submarine? Let us hope that the next arms conference may at least fix the responsibility for the continued existence of the submersible.

The Crisis in Electric Power

THE CONTROVERSY over the electric utilities issue involves so many complex subjects, and is so difficult to dramatize, that many persons have been at a loss to know what it is all about; though they may by this time have gathered the impression that they are, most of them, paying far too much for electric current. In these circumstances it was a distinct public service for the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs of Syracuse University, under the leadership of William E. Mosher, who had previously established a distinguished record in the Bureau of Municipal Research in New York, to conduct a scholarly inquiry and publish the results. Its report, "Electric Utilities," just issued by Harper and Brothers, is not only an authoritative and impartial survey—impartial, that is, unless vigorous concern for the rights of the consuming public be partiality—but one that combines readability and simplicity with a rounded treatment of the whole subject, and that adds an original contribution of its own.

After a brief introduction explaining the importance of this giant and basic industry, which, because it is rapidly becoming the chief source of industrial power and domestic convenience, may seriously affect our civilization, the book goes on to discuss the nature and defects of regulation by public-service commissions.

The common defense of the utilities is that their practices must be salutary because they are already regulated. In fifteen states the commissions do not have jurisdiction over electric utilities at all, or are seriously limited in their powers. Most of the other commissions have no control over the construction of plants, preliminary to operation. The selection of the commissioners—whether by appointment or election—is often such as to place inexpert men in these important positions. Almost all commissions are understaffed, having permanent officials at unduly small salaries and with insufficient funds. These funds are usually derived from state taxes and are limited by appropriation, whereas the utilities themselves can spend as much as they like for proceedings before regulating bodies and charge it up to the consumers of their service, as a legitimate expense. In the thirty-nine states regulating the power industry, the total expense of the commissions was, in 1926, $4,927,574, or an average of $126,350; of this perhaps one-third was spent in regulating electric companies. This is a tiny fraction of what the companies spend.

Although the commissions were originally established chiefly to protect the consumer, and are now looked upon as his agency in regulation, most of them have become purely judicial in action. Cases usually cannot be initiated by them, but must be brought by some person, corporation or municipality. The cost of initiating and carrying through a complaint is heavy, and in addition, state laws often prohibit municipalities from initiating proceedings except under very special circumstances. The result is that there is no pressure on behalf of the consumers comparable to the pressure exercised by the companies on their own behalf. The commissions have even withdrawn very largely from active supervision and administration. The apex of this tendency to fail in public protection was reached when the New York Public Service Commission declined even to listen to a group of consumers who wanted to object to the merger of the Consolidated Gas and the Brooklyn Edison Companies.

When cities do bring cases, the corporation counsel is often inexperienced, and may be succeeded by another before the case is finished. And most of the competent engineers and experts whose testimony is acceptable are either already employed by the private companies, or expect to be.

In spite of the basic importance of proper accounting in rate regulation, only thirty-two of the commissions have been given authority to supervise accounting. Where they do so, they usually only specify the forms to be used, and make no audits except in special cases.

None of the commissions has any authority over the practices, accounts or financing of the holding companies, but only over the operating companies. These holding companies, pyramided one on another, now control the policies of the industry. Furthermore, they frequently include, own, or are allied in engineering and management companies making contracts for service to the subsidiary utility companies, and these contracts, which introduce large possibilities of milking the operating concerns at the expense of the public, are usually not subject to supervision by the commissions.

The state commissions have no authority to regulate the prices charged for current sold at wholesale across state lines. Almost half the states in 1926 exported 10 percent or more of the power generated within them, while the same number imported an equivalent amount of power. Interstate transmission is rapidly growing. There is no federal authority having the power of regulation. The Federal Power Commission does regulate the companies using water power from navigable streams, but it is handicapped even in this function by sorely inadequate appropriations.

When to these and other handicaps of regulation are added the appeals to the courts from commission decisions which the utilities frequently make, and the uncertainty of the court dicta on the subject of the proper method of valuation to be used in setting rates, the weakness of regulation as now practised—except in certain matters like enforcing

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adequacy and continuity of service—may readily be understood. The chapter of this study reviewing the court decisions on valuation is an excellent summary of the confusion in which the matter stands, and shows why, in numerous cases, the growing prestige of the doctrine of "reproduction cost" has unduly enriched stockholders at the expense of consumers.

We shall not attempt to summarize the chapters covering the more familiar subjects of the growth, methods and abuses of holding-company control, and the utility propaganda in the schools, the newspapers and elsewhere. Suffice it to say that some of the tendencies here described portend just as much danger to the stockholders as they do to the consumers themselves. No industry with a public character, purveying a common necessity, is on a safe basis when its activities are of such a speculative and exploitative character, no matter what its other achievements. The authors are undoubtedly correct in saying that a crisis exists which calls "for prompt and positive action." "Such control as exists is not far from the breakdown stage." If nothing is done, financial obligations may be piled up which will prevent the industry, unless some catastrophic change intervenes, from ever giving the public adequate service at reasonable rates.

What is to be done? Revamping of our commission procedure and powers is an obvious proposal. Others which the report examines with favorable conclusions are control by contract, as proposed in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and control by public competition, as proposed at Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and on the St. Lawrence. In such public-ownership plans, properly drawn contracts with distributing companies would play an important part.

Another possibility is a league of municipalities supporting a publicly owned system as in Ontario. In the examination of this system occurs the major original contribution of the report. Whether advantages are derived from public ownership by the Ontario consumers of various classes has been a matter of acrimonious dispute. This investigation adopted a means of finding out which is superior to any hitherto devised. It first makes clear that the Ontario system is self-supporting and receives only minor and unimportant subsidies from the state—subsidies which do not alter the validity of the test applied. Instead of using the inaccurate and occasionally very misleading method of finding the average revenue per kilowatt-hour, it postulates eleven typical cases of consumers having different requirements—some of them individual householders, some of them commercial and industrial users. These eleven cases fairly well cover the possibilities. It then, by application of rate schedules, discovers what the consumer of each typical sort would have to pay, in each of eighteen important cities in New York State, eight cities with average conditions in Ontario, where public ownership exists, and two cities in Quebec under private ownership. The comparison shows that the Ontario cities are uniformly in the lower range of cost, for every kind of consumer. And, of course, the domestic use of current is much larger in Ontario, due to the inducement rates prevailing. These data are conservatively interpreted by the report, not to mean that public ownership is superior, but that it is at least not inferior. They furthermore controvert the common contention of the private utility interests that the lower rates in Ontario for domestic consumers are obtained at the cost of higher rates than in this country to industrial consumers. Only in the case of two very favorably situated New York cities are lower rates paid than in Ontario cities even by the very largest industrial users—Buffalo and Niagara Falls. When comparable districts are compared, even this difference disappears.

A final and valuable suggestion is that there should be a national planning commission to control the development of the industry, to harmonize the haphazard and competitive activities of banking and promoting groups now governing the direction of its growth in this country. This is important in order to avoid anomalies of waste, inefficiency and inadequate service. Such a plan has, after careful study, been adopted in Great Britain, and promises excellent results. There is no obstacle to intelligent national control "except that the major part of the industry is evidently in the hands of those who look upon it as any speculative and competitive enterprise. . . . The primary and most urgent need in the electric utility is public-spiritedness among the responsible leaders. . . . What is at stake is not the avoidance of flagrant dishonesty and actual misdeeds, but rather a restatement of the philosophy of public-utility service that will square with the changing standards and ideals of the day." Let us hope that those who govern the industry will heed their well founded and honest warning. But let us not wait long on this hope before taking the necessary measures to protect ourselves.

The Fight for Civil Liberties

THE GENERALLY optimistic comments which have been made in most quarters upon the report of the Civil Liberties Union for 1928 and the early months of 1929 are encouraging in so far as they reflect a friendly attitude on the part of the press toward the cause of freedom of speech. But the report as a whole gives anything but a pretty picture of the state of civil liberty in the United States today. Civil rights, no matter how passionately embraced or how clearly understood at the time of their first enunciation, can no more exist without constant affirmation and re-affirmation by each succeeding generation than a tree can grow from one year to the next without water. A people unconscious of its rights has no rights. The unhappy features of the report of the Civil Liberties

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Union are the general apathy which exists throughout the country in regard to the right of minorities to full and free expression of their particular beliefs, and the frequency with which certain of those minorities, notably left-wing radicals and Communists, who insist upon exercising their rights of free speech and assembly, find those rights denied.

Certainly, among the individuals and groups who do understand the meaning of the word liberty, and who are willing to fight for the things which it implies, this same Civil Liberties Union—Roger N. Baldwin, Forrest Bailey, Harry F. Ward, Arthur Garfield Hays, and the rest—holds a unique position. We can think of no group in the country more indispensable. And since, as is now the case, a circulation of 100,000 or so is commonplace for any book or periodical, we would estimate the proper distribution of the Civil Liberties Union pamphlet well along in the millions—say, ten copies for each reader of the Saturday Evening Post. In contrast with such a fantasy are the actual statistics of the budget of the Union; the treasurer's report shows the total expenditures, for operating expenses, for campaign work, for printing and publicity, for legal battles in every part of the country, to be less than $35,000—or approximately one week's advertising appropriation for a hair-tonic drive.

In certain aspects the situation is improved. The records of the Union list but one case of mob violence, and eleven cases of lynching during the year 1928, as against eighteen and twenty-one cases, respectively, for the year before, and against twenty-one and thirty-four for 1926. No political prisoners under sedition or syndicalism laws are confined in state or federal prisons, and deportations of aliens for their political or economic views or activities have fallen off to occasional cases. Mooney and Billings are in San Quentin, though; and the eight I. W. W. men who defended their meeting in Centralia, Washington, from an armed attack by American Legionnaires in 1919 are still serving their outrageous sentences.

There is assuredly no reason for complacence. The report for 1928 shows more meetings broken up by the police, more arrests under local laws in free-speech cases, more injunctions in industrial disputes, than in any year since 1921. The total prosecutions reported to the Civil Liberties Union were 418 as against 46 the year before. This, outside the strike areas; within those areas the total increases by several thousand. And even though the more shocking assaults on individual rights, the lynchings and mob terrorism, have declined, it is wise to remember that what in times of peace and prosperity are comparatively minor violations of liberty are metamorphosed very quickly and very easily into violent repressions as soon as the majority is off on one of its periodic emotional jags. Four times as many meetings were banned or broken up last year as in 1927; and the fact that nine out of ten of these cases were directly or indirectly connected with the communist movement merely indicates that the Communists (together with the Negroes, of course, whose troubles are handled by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) are bearing the brunt of the fight for civil liberty at the moment. The principle which underlies that liberty cannot be split or shaved. And if freedom to state their views can be denied to the Communists today, the freedom of any one of us to state his views can be denied tomorrow.

The Union summarizes as "new issues," which have become increasingly important during the year, the restriction on teaching evolution, the denial of citizenship to pacifists refusing to bear arms, the growing invasion of the rights of defendants in criminal trials, and the tendency toward wider censorship of books, plays and movies by administrative officers. This last issue of censorship, which has been so much with us of late, is the least dangerous of the lot—the least dangerous for the very reason that many people are aroused over it, and are bringing it out into the open. On the college front, all is quiet—a bad sign, on which the Union comments as follows: "Control by university and school authorities over student meetings, outside speakers and over any heretical activities of teachers is far more general than the few collisions indicate . . . the control over professors and instructors makes cautious the few inclined to take public part in political or industrial conflicts involving any radical issue." We would respectfully suggest, as an addition to the courses in "outside reading" of which the professors are so fond, a study of certain of the writings of the third President of the United States, particularly the letter to the fourth President of the United States, reading, "I hold that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing. . . ."

For an International Playground

IF ONE of the various inquiring reporters were to take for his daily question the subject of the Rainy Lake watershed, it is a safe bet that he would draw five, or five thousand, blanks in as many starts. Yet, for all the ignorance and indifference, almost every individual in the country has a personal stake in the matter. Out in the north Middle West, a valiant group of conservationists is at present fighting a battle on two fronts over this same Rainy Lake watershed—a battle to arouse those who have no appreciation of the value of the region, and a battle to prevent the wasteful and stupid exploitation of the territory by a few gentlemen who understand its possibilities all too well. The particular group involved is the "Quetico-Superior Council of Minneapolis." And the purpose of the Council, reduced to its rather startlingly simple terms is: to set aside by treaty 15,000 square miles of land in Ontario and Minne-

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sota, free from private exploitation, to be developed under joint governmental control by the United States and Canada—a far-sighted proposal to utilize the natural resources for an enormous region for the benefit of the people of two nations.

The Council derives its name and inspiration from the two neighboring tracts in the region of the Rainy Lake watershed, on the international boundary between Minnesota and Ontario, marked off in 1909 as public preserves—the Quetico Provincial Park in Ontario and the Superior National Forest in Minnesota. These two parks, and the vast territory which will be added to them if the Council succeeds in its efforts, are much larger than the combined states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Within the district is a chain of some 3,000 lakes, beginning forty miles west of Lake Superior, and flowing west and north. From the shores of the network of lakes and rivers stretches a pine forest, the last of the great timberlands which once covered Minnesota and Wisconsin. The fishing and hunting are superb. Forest, water, rock (the oldest naked rocks in the world are here), the splendid climate, its accessibility (it is but overnight from Chicago) make the district a natural paradise for those who love, and need, outdoor life. A few towns and small cities scattered along the edge of the district, occasional summer cottages on certain of the lakes, and fourteen Indian reservations on the Canadian waters, whose inhabitants for the most part do not speak English and live the primitive life of their forbears, comprise the population.

Timber, unoccupied land, water power—fifteen thousand square miles of natural resources—a paradise, likewise, for the private exploiter! The Council, with which is associated the Isaak Walton League of America, has had a merry fight on its hands, from the bell. The New Republic referred in its issue of October 12, 1927, to the modest proposal of one Mr. E. W. Backus of Minneapolis, for the improvement of the Rainy Lake watershed. Out in Minnesota, and in Washington and Ottawa, Mr. Backus is perforce listened to with considerable respect as a gentleman who knows a thing or two on the subject of the development of natural resources. Among the things for which he is justly noted are his holdings in pulp paper and power, the size of his campaign contributions, the generosity of his entertainments, and the reach of his imagination in general.

At the outlets of Rainy and Namakan lakes, two of the largest of the chain, Mr. Backus already has power dams. He proposed, at a hearing of the International Joint Committee, to build a series of new storage dams throughout the district, which would raise the level of the water in the chain of lakes from five to as much as eighty-two feet. This would, incidentally, divert two of the main lakes into new channels, would dry up many others, would kill timber for miles around all the lakes, would endanger fish, bird and game life, would blot out islands, rivers, rapids, waterfalls—would, that is, ravish the country. It was also Mr. Backus' idea that the governments of the United States and Canada should pay the entire original cost of this, including "improvements" and property damages; later, the various power stations might, if prosperous, pay back half.

So vague and uncertain was Mr. Backus in his statement of the reasons why he desired these dams, that the Council, after riddling his arguments relating to the questions of navigation and water power, saw fit to add a canny suggestion of its own. "The truth is," said the Council, "that Mr. Backus, quite naturally perhaps, has not admitted the public to his confidence as to his motives in seeking additional storage on so vast a scale. He would not, of course, seek such changes without good reasons. . . . It follows almost automatically, one would think, that if monopoly control of the waterways—the only means of communication through a trackless wilderness—be given to one man, the other resources of the region, timber and otherwise, are likewise likely to drop into his pocket." One would indeed, think precisely that!

So much for private improvement of ten million acres. The specific proposals of the Council make much more pleasant reading. They are:

> 1. That park-like conditions, free from logging, flooding, draining, and all other forms of exploitation be established and maintained on all visible shores of lakes, rivers, and islands under public control.
>
> 2. That all the hinterlands, not visible from the waterways, be administered under modern forest practices for the continuous production of a maximum timber supply.
>
> 3. That all game, fish, fur-bearers and other wild life be developed for maximum production and use.
>
> 4. That these ends be pursued under the guidance of an international board, representing forest, park, and biological authorities from both countries.

What might be described as such an international board, lacking, of course, official standing, has recently been assembled to serve as "honorary vice-presidents and board of advisers" of the Quetico-Superior Council. The list includes almost all the men and women who have fought long and hard for conservation since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. Their job is primarily one of arousing public opinion, both in this country and in Canada. Mr. Backus has been staved off for the time being—but one rebuff does not discourage a land developer; nor does one land developer, alas, exhaust the list of those citizens whose hearts leap up when natural resources are beheld against the sky. To arrange the necessary treaty with Canada is the first step; to awaken the public to its own interest in the Rainy Lake region, to the benefits not less real for being expressed other than by turbines and smoking chimneys, is the second. There is obviously plenty of room for as many conservationists as care to get behind and push.

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Doctrinaire Equality

TO AVERT the necessity of extricating themselves from what may conceivably be an unholy later-day mess, foresighted people would do well to make very clear in their minds now the distinction between the two organizations which are confusingly similar in name, but which stand on opposite sides of a serious question—the National Woman's party, which is the proponent of the Twentieth, or "equal rights" Amendment to the Constitution, and the N. L. W. V., or National League of Women Voters, which is opposed. Logic would certainly dictate that the United States get some of its present constitutional amendments into better working order before it experiments with more of them; but logic does not always have the last word in such matters. The proposed Twentieth Amendment, which declares simply and with somewhat breath-taking assurance: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction," gets leverage from two sources. It embodies a high-minded principle in general terms; and in its practical application it works out for the direct benefit of the most unscrupulous of commercial interests. It is wise to examine a double-barreled gun of that sort from the right end.

Such an examination has recently been made by Miss Ethel M. Smith, of the Executive Board of the Women's Trade Union League, and published in booklet form by the N. L. W. V. under the title, "Toward Equal Rights for Men and Women." In her analysis, Miss Smith reduces the whole matter, and correctly, we believe, to the truism that equality is a relative, not an absolute thing—that difference may exist without inequality, and that economic and social justice is more vital to women than equality in legal terms on paper.

The chief subjects on which legal inequalities between men and women now exist are, as Miss Smith points out, eleven: citizenship (mainly in regard to naturalization provisions), eligibility to public office, jury service, party management, married women's property, the marriage age, divorce, non-support, guardianship of children, sex offenses, and, most important of all, public health and social welfare. But in the case of all of these, with the exception of the laws on eligibility for public office and guardianship of children, there is no unanimity of opinion as to what the just solution of the problem is. They are questions that must be taken up one by one, that require separate treatment, that demand above all a realistic rather than a dogmatic approach. Yet the "equal rights" amendment would dispose of them in one grand undifferentiated lump. What, for example, is the just answer to the question of compulsory jury service for women? Should the age of consent be the same for boys as for girls? Should non-support be a cause of divorce for the husband? And who, short of Solomon (or a tabloid editor) would undertake the job of "equalizing" the provisions of the Mann Act?

A constitutional amendment nullifies all laws in conflict with it; since the proposed amendment is more in the nature of a philosophical proposition than a law, no one knows precisely which of the present state and federal statutes would come tumbling down. The mother's-aid laws, for one, would probably be doomed, and with them the non-support laws. But the real destructiveness of the amendment would of course center in the labor laws for women. There are a certain number of statutes, passed in an exaggerated fear of feminine fragility, physical and otherwise, prohibiting the employment of women in certain occupations, which could easily be dispensed with. But to jeopardize in one stroke the great body of laws, won after so long and hot a fight, regulating hours and providing for the fixing of minimum wages, would be utterly disastrous to several million wage-earning women in the United States, most of them on the border-line of poverty, or below it. To the trained business or professional woman, who has the all-important choice of an alternative in taking a job, the "equal rights" question is fundamentally a sex question; but to the body of women in the labor market it is, as Miss Smith says, "a labor problem first, and a woman problem second. It concerns women not primarily as a sex, but as newcomers and forced underbidders in a competitive labor market where not only women themselves, but their husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons are the sufferers by their competition. . . . The thing that will bring industrial equality of men and women is equal bargaining power."

Sage words! To sacrifice the hard-won advance toward economic equality for the sake of a gesture toward legal equality would be not only stupid, but a first-rate calamity. It is not difficult to understand why the employers of cheap labor, the chambers of commerce who have been memorializing manufacturers on the beauties of districts in which non-union female labor can be secured for $10.55 a week, should be warmly in favor of the "equal rights" amendment.

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HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT
T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN ROBERT LITTELL
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Mussolini and the Pope

EVEN BEFORE ratifications of the recent Italo-Vatican agreement had been deposited, an extremely bitter exchange of declarations by the chief representatives of the two parties seemed to shatter the spirit of reconciliation. Mussolini (so it would appear to the hasty reader) repudiated the concessions made by the Italian state and made offensive innuendos about the clergy. The Pope in reply reopened the crucial question of state control of education and referred to some of Mussolini's remarks as "heretical and worse than heretical."

What are we to conclude from this? Are assertions of such extreme vigor made merely for the benefit of partisan followers? Has war broken out again even before peace has been ratified? Is the breach between Church and State irreconcilable? Will the whole settlement crumble or be shattered in the near future?

An answer will be found, I think, in what may be called (without disparagement) the double diplomacy of the Vatican. For Vatican diplomacy, like Vatican doctrine, keeps always concurrently in view both the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant, the secular and the spiritual, the temporal and the eternal. The Church is a divine and spiritual institution, with an outward and visible manifestation. In its latter aspect, it has property to protect, political contacts to foster, juridical rights and vested interests to promote or conserve. It is subject to all the vicissitudes of worldly fortune, and must protect its interests with worldly weapons. Protestants may feel there is something degrading about a church "playing politics" and "driving bargains." But to the Vatican such a necessity is simply a consequence of the fact that the Church has an existence in this material world.

In its business and political dealings the Vatican is perfectly willing to make any concession which circumstances necessitate. It will yield everything, or nearly everything, if it must. But always it will make a reservation that the ideal rights of the Church remain unimpaired.

The Pope will renounce his temporal sovereignty over half of Italy and accept 160 acres as his entire worldly domain. But he will make it clear at the same time that he does not renounce his *right* to temporal sovereignty. His *right* is ideal and intangible. But the amount of the territory over which he rules, being the mundane aspect of the matter, is to be bargained over and, if necessary, fought over, as any temporal interests must be bargained and fought over. There is nothing specially holy about it, and the Vatican does not pretend that there is.

This duality (which the enemies of the Vatican call "duplicity") goes far toward explaining why Pius XI and Mussolini can be in direct and open opposition concerning essential questions dealt with in the Treaty and Concordat, without impairing their validity. The Pope yielded—with some reluctance, although without any real resistance—when Mussolini demanded the incorporation of the Catholic Boy Scouts into the Fascist Balilla. He was quite willing to do it because he *had* to, but he would never admit that he was doing it because he *ought* to.

For practical purposes the present situation is satisfactory enough to the Pope. He retains control over religious education; the State, over secular education. Where the two might conflict in practice, a kind of gentlemen's agreement will prevent an open trial of strength. The Church may teach the abstract ideal of peace so long as it does not disparage Italian national ardor. The State may inculcate the military virtues so long as it does not disparage the ideal excellence of the Church's teachings. And each will be sedulous to sustain the moral prestige of the other. So long as each derives a day-to-day advantage from the arrangement, the question of which shall ultimately prevail is adjourned *sine die*.

Both sides profit from the bargain. Which has profited the more cannot be determined, for no yardstick exists to measure such things. Mussolini is certainly obtaining present advantages. The Church can afford to wait.

So, in one way, it may be said that the Treaty and Concordat were taken more seriously in America than they should have been—and more seriously than they were in Italy. They represented, as between Church and State, an agreement, but not *agreement;* a truce, but not a reconciliation.

There is a sense in which the Catholic Church can never be reconciled with nationalism. Being Catholic, it must have regard to the interests of nationalism's enemies; being possessed of secular attributes, it must seek to exercise and extend them; being a church, it must seek to restrain the ardor of the young to kill one another.

There was a time when the Catholic Church was virtually co-terminous with the Roman Empire, which was pretty nearly co-terminous with the known world. And the Church, claiming divine authority over men, delegated that portion of its authority which concerned civil government to temporal rulers, while reserving the right to intervene whenever it deemed it necessary (as it frequently did). From the Catholic point of view, this theocratic empire was later split into nationalisms which really belonged together all the time. Ideally, this world-wide authority of the Church has never been

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impaired. And the Church has never admitted that its claim to unrestricted moral authority can be divorced from its right to counsel and guide the worldly actions of temporal rulers.

In other words, as has so often been said, here are two absolutisms facing one another, and their claims, to say the least, overlap and conflict. The concept of a free church in a free state has never been really at home in Latin countries. The question has been not so much to find the proper sphere of religion (which some believe to have been solved in America) but to find a fruitful and workable relation between the two sovereignties.

It is such a relation, as adapted to temporal conditions and exigencies, which the Treaty and Concordat aim to achieve. They do not pretend to settle all outstanding differences of view regarding the ideal position of Church and State, much less effect a permanent "reconciliation" of all their aims and interests. Hence the two parties can continue to debate the theoretical questions as hotly as they like, without affecting the practical validity and usefulness of the agreement.

But this being said, it must be admitted that the debate has been conducted with what would seem to be an unnecessary amount of heat. And here, I think, the personalities of the protagonists played the chief part. Mussolini has written some of the most violent assaults on the Church and clergy ever penned by a professed atheist. And to give the man credit, he never pretended that personal piety had any share in his enthusiasm for the Concordat. He had been terribly goaded by his anti-clerical followers (although he pretended that there weren't any). He had kept himself under stern control during three years of wearying negotiations. At last, when it was all over but the signing, he permitted himself the luxury of going his Fascist malcontents one better. And he went too far.

The old rationalist, who used to "give God five minutes" to strike him dead, was exulting when he declared that the Christian Church would have remained only "a small Galilean sect" if it had not taken lodgement in imperial Rome. He was in a well known vein when he assured his hearers that the Vatican City, "owing to its special conditions," would "probably not experience any considerable growth of population." And he was the nationalist, the sworn enemy of Catholic internationalism and pacifism, when he proclaimed: "Education must be ours. Our children must be educated in our religious faith, but we must round out this education and we need to give our youths a sense of the virility and the power of conquest. . . . In this field I am intractable."

The speech was in parts so truculent that it required a vigorous answer. And Pius is likewise a man of vigorous character. He combatted Mussolini's vaunts of state supremacy and repeated some claims on his own side. "The full and perfect mandate for education belongs not to the State but to the Church." And, for good measure: "We are in the presence of . . . two sovereignties, so fully such[1] . . . that it is hardly necessary to add that the objective dignity of those aims determines the absolute superiority of the Church."

That and much more expressed what might be called the diplomatic policy of the Church Triumphant. As for the diplomacy of the Church Militant, Pius merely observed that his opponent was a heretic and a vulgar one, and then delivered his ultimatum: "Both Treaty and Concordat, according to their letter and spirit, as also according to the oral and written explicit understandings, are completely necessary to one another, inseparable and not rescindable, both one and the other." Which may be paraphrased as follows: "If you don't keep your part of the contract, I can declare that you have broken the Treaty as well as the Concordat. Do you dare risk losing the advantage of the settlement of the Roman Question?"

Certainly not. There is little possibility that either Treaty or Concordat will be cancelled in the foreseeable future. There is just as little possibility that Mussolini and Pius XI will ever be cordial personal friends, or that nationalism and Catholicism will ever, in the modern world, be cordial collaborators. But the agreements will be kept, and may have very important practical fruits.

The Fascist regime will doubtless last some years. But some day it must fall, or yield place to another. The Church, however (this is Alpha in Vatican diplomacy), is eternal. And when conditions do change, the Vatican can and will say: "The Church's full and perfect mandate for education remains unimpaired; the absolute superiority of the Church over the State remains unaltered." At such a time, if conditions are favorable, the Vatican can claim more.

And that is sufficient. So long as the contract is observed, it does not matter if the protagonists shout their theoretical differences to the whole world. It may even help them with their own followers.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL.

Conjuror's House

Is it the roof that makes my house a home
Or the foundation or the walls or I?
If it were not for you, might I not roam
Into some homelessness under the sky,
Founded and roofed and walled as well as this
But not at all a home unless it gave
The sure seclusion of your quiet kiss—
The only thing at all I need to save,
The only thing at all that I might want
If I were driven out this mortal while,
The only ghost of home that still might haunt
My wandering out and prove of it exile.
Be tender, then, as I am for my sake
Of the house in which we dream before we wake.

WITTER BYNNER.

[1] The meaning is that the one is human, the other divine.

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One Way Out

II. Domesticating the Machine as Part of the Fight for Freedom

No recent critic of our machine civilization has a more interesting thesis, or has been more successful in putting his ideas into practical operation than Mr. Ralph Borsodi, whose challenge to the factory system centers about the restoration of the home as a productive economic unit. The following article is the second of a series by Mr. Borsodi. This series, in expanded form, will constitute part of his book, "This Ugly Civilization: a Study of the Quest of Comfort," to be published this fall by Simon and Schuster.

I

IT IS easy to forget that the distinctive feature of our present industrial civilization is not so much our machine technique as our factory technique. It is the impressive use of machinery by the factory that makes us forget that there is a significant distinction between the domestic machine and the factory machine.

Factory machines, important as they are in our present civilization, are by no means the only ones that are characteristic of this age of ours. In most of the discussion of this question, the others are invariably overlooked. Critics and defenders of the machine age forget that our domestic machines include sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, mangles, refrigerating machines, cake mixers, meat grinders, polishing and scrubbing machines, and of course automobiles. In addition, suburbanites and farmers use bread mixers, cream separators, fruit presses, steam pressure cookers, mechanical churns, automatic pumping systems, lighting plants, saw mills, and grist mills, all of which are domestic and not factory machines. The industries that are producing these domestic machines are growing rapidly, a growth of ominous significance for many non-essential and undesirable factories.

The distinction between the factory machine and the domestic machine is important, for the domestic machines are now waging a general economic warfare with factory machines. The domestic sewing machine is at war with the factory sewing machine; the domestic washing machine and domestic mangle are at war with the whole group of laundry machines, for laundries are merely factories that do washing; the domestic refrigerating machine is at war with the machines in the artificial ice factories; and so on.

Some manufacturers are well aware of this conflict between the two types of machines. The laundries of the country, and the manufacturers of machines for use in laundries, became alarmed several years ago at the increase in the sale of domestic washing-machines and mangles. Improvements in these domestic machines, especially by the attachment of electric motors, threatened to check the abandonment of home washing, upon which the future prosperity of the laundries and the manufacturers of laundry machinery depended. One of the largest of these latter in America, The American Laundry Machinery Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, began a general advertising campaign to urge the women of the nation to use laundries rather than do their washing at home. This one company appropriates about a quarter of a million dollars annually to keep America safe for the factory idea of washing our dirty linen.

If mankind is not to be made into appendages to machines, then domestic machines must be invented that will enable the home to meet the competition of the factory—the right kind of machinery must be used to free man from the tyranny of the wrong kind. It is not the machine, therefore, but the factory that needs consideration at the hands of thoughtful people.

It is the factory, not the machine, which proliferates at a rate man has found impossible to control, which is relentlessly mechanizing our lives, and is reducing all except the relatively few blessed with administrative genius to mere cogs in a gigantic industrial machine.

It is the factory, not the machine, which is reducing all men and all commodities to a dead level of uniformity, because the factory makes it impossible for individual men and individual communities to be self-sufficient enough to develop their own capacities.

It is the factory, not the machine, which destroys both the natural beauty and the natural wealth of man's environment; which fills country and city with hideous factories and squalid slums; which consumes forests, coal, iron, and oil, with a prodigality which will make posterity look back upon us as barbarians.

It is the factory, not the machine, which is responsible for the fact that we now make things primarily for sale rather than for use; that we make things as cheaply as possible instead of as substantially as possible.

It is the factory, not the machine, which has transformed man from a self-helpful into a self-helpless individual, and has changed mankind from

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a race of participators in life to one of spectators. By destroying the economic foundations of the family it has robbed men, women and children of their contact with the soil; their intimacy with the growing of animals, birds, vegetables, trees and flowers; their familiarity with the actual making of things, and their capacity for entertaining and educating themselves. If we live in flats and hotels, eat from tin cans and packages, dress ourselves in fabrics and garments whose design we only remotely influence, and entertain ourselves by looking at movies, baseball, and tennis, and listening to singing and music, it is due to the fact that we have applied the factory technique, not the machine technique, to sheltering, feeding, clothing, and entertaining ourselves. Finally, it is the factory, not the machine, which is responsible for the extension of the soul-deadening repetitive labor that is the greatest curse of this civilization.

II

Food, clothing and shelter absorb about 65 percent of the income of the average well-to-do American family of today. If we add fuel and light, approximately 70 percent of the budget of a family considered comfortable, according to present standards of value, is devoted to the purchase of the basic essentials of comfort.

Sundries and savings absorb the remaining 30 percent. While this part of the budget provides the family with its luxuries, some essential expenditures, such as those for medical treatment, would have to be deducted from the sundry expenditures and added to the 70 percent previously mentioned if the amount devoted to producing every essential of comfort were to be established.

Upon this basis the following table is constructed. It gives a rough idea of how large a part of the time we spend in gainful labor has really to be devoted to earning money to buy the essentials of a comfortable life.

	Items	Days of Labor Per Year	
32.5	percent of income devoted to food	91	days
17.5	percent of income devoted to clothing	49	days
16	percent of income devoted to shelter	44.8	days
4	percent of income devoted to fuel and light	11	days
70	percent of income devoted to basic essentials of comfort	196	days
30	percent of income devoted to sundries and savings	84	days
100	Total time spent in gainful labor	280	days

More than two-thirds of the time we spend in earning money—more than four out of the six days of the working week—is really devoted to securing the basic necessaries of a comfortable existence. The question that has now to be considered is whether we would save time and enjoy equal or greater comfort if we were to substitute a large measure of making-and-consuming at home for much of our present well-nigh complete dependence upon earning-and-buying. In short, can we produce the material essentials of comfort for ourselves more economically than we can buy them?

That most of mankind, having become habituated to the present earning-and-buying economy, may not like the proposed making-and-consuming economy does not prove its inferiority. Habit simply has perverted modern taste and rendered conventional judgment worthless. The fact that paupers cease to like work does not prove that a life of pauperization is superior to a life of work.

Earning the money with which to buy food absorbs nearly two days of each week's work—approximately ninety-one days out of the entire year's labor. Yet there are good grounds for believing that much more than a third of this time could be freed for other activities by turning to a make-and-consume economy.

If we divide the food budget of today into its component parts, the fact that the great bulk of foods we consume can be raised in an organic home at once becomes apparent.

Percentage of Food Expenditures

Meat, fish, eggs	31.3
Milk and cheese	12.4
Bread and cereals	14.7
Vegetables and fruit	18.5
Fats	11.0
Sugar, etc.	3.7
Miscellaneous	8.4

(U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1919, page 187)

Meat, fish, and eggs represent one-third of our food requirements. A poultry yard, a pig or two, and a herd of sheep and goats, can furnish us the great bulk of our requirements for these proteid foodstuffs. The care and feeding of the animals, if proper houses, yards, and equipment are used, would not take up more than a few hours of our time per week, since many of the tasks in connection with their care could be transferred to the young and to members of the family too old to work outside of the home.

Producing the next largest item, vegetables and fruit, for ourselves is, if anything, an even easier task, if we are anxious to procure the essentials of a comfortable existence with the minimum of labor-time. An adequate vegetable garden, which will furnish us all of our vegetables and small fruits, need not be very large, and it requires considerable time and attention only in the early spring. The garden tractor and the wheel hoe have so lightened the labor that gardening, when confined to the growing of only our own needs, requires little more time than would furnish us the moderately vigorous exercise that every man needs. With a vegetable cellar for storage, and the kitchen properly equipped to dehydrate and can vegetables and fruits for the winter, a year-round supply can be produced in much less time than is needed to earn the money to buy them.

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The bread and cereal bill can be materially lowered by domestic milling of cereals and flour, and by home baking of bread and pastry, and can be almost entirely eliminated, in the case of a large family where there are a considerable number of adults, by undertaking grain farming on a modest scale. If the family is small, however, it is better to buy wheat, corn, and other cereals and to be content with the saving in labor-time that domestic milling and home baking make possible.

Milk and cheese need hardly be purchased at all, because they can be produced on a relatively small scale without excessive labor. The cow is the dairy animal for the large family only; the goat is better adapted to the needs of the small family. Goat milk is richer in fat, and easier to digest, than cow's milk, while the goat itself is cleaner and easier to care for than the cow. It is not, however, suitable for butter making. With either goat's or cow's milk, cheese—which is one of the most nutritious and tasty items in the dietary—can be produced at a fraction of the time required to earn money for buying it. Fats today consist mainly of two items: butter and lard, and their synthetic imitations—oleomargarine, crisco, cottolene, and so on. If the family is large enough to have a cow, the butter problem is solved; and if it has pigs, the lard problem is solved.

There remains the sugar bill—white sugar, corn syrups, and similar sweets—the buying of which can be largely eliminated if we will use the products of the honey-bee, the sugar-maple, and the sorghums, as nature makes it easy to use them.

Such a program would not entirely eliminate the buying of factory-made foodstuffs, but it would reduce the time spent in earning money to buy food to probably a quarter of that necessary at present. Instead of having to spend nearly two days a week earning money with which to pay the weekly food bill, only half a day of our time would be needed—the other one and one-half days would be freed for food production on the family homestead. But a day and a half per week would not be needed for this purpose—fifty days per year, an average of less than a day a week throughout the year, would suffice. And of these fifty days' time, a full third would be furnished by other members of the home.

This would mean that the money-earning members of the home would be called upon to contribute only thirty-three days per year to the domestic production of foodstuffs. Add the twenty-three days that we would spend earning money to buy foods not produced at home, and we would be devoting a total of fifty-six days per year, instead of ninety-one, to the task of providing ourselves with food. This is a clear gain of thirty-five days, in addition to the gain of spending the time at work that is more healthful, more interesting, more expressive, than that of most of the repetitive "jobs" open to us in this factory-dominated civilization.

We come now to housing, water, light, and fuel, both for heating and cooking. Today the work of securing these items absorbs about 20 percent of our time. For those who live in the city this figure is much too low. In New York, and in many of the growing cities of the country, rent often represents more than 25 percent of the budget, with gas for cooking and electric current for lighting still to be added. In such cities, it is hardly an understatement of the situation to say that over one-quarter of the time we spend at work is devoted to earning the money for the shell of existence.

The question is, Can we furnish ourselves with shelter, fuel and light with less effort than these figures indicate? Taking the average figure, rather than the high New York figure, it now requires a little less than one day's time per week to earn the money for these necessities of life—about forty-four and seven-tenths days per year. Can they be provided at any reduction of this time?

If we assume that we have our own home; that the home is equipped with a well and an automatic water pumping system; that it has a hygienic sewage system; that it has a wood lot which can at least furnish fuel for that source of great joy in the home, an open fireplace, and that it has its own automatic electric light system, thus reducing to the minimum the necessity for buying shelter, fuel, light, water, and sewage disposal facilities, then all that these things will cost us is the time we spend caring for the home plus the time we shall have to devote to earning money to buy what cannot be produced in the home itself. We shall have only to buy such supplies as oil and gasoline, and paint and varnish. The care of such a home, with a "janitor" service fully equal to that of the average rented home today, will require less than one and one-half days' time per month. Add the time necessary to earn the money for maintenance, supplies, replacements, taxes, insurance and interest—probably a trifle more than one day per month—and the total time required to provide shelter and the shelter items will still be less by half than now has to be spent in earning the money for rent, fuel and light.

But with such a home we should be furnishing ourselves much more than the equivalent of rented and purchased shelter, fuel, and light. We should cease to be cave dwellers in a city and would no longer crawl about in the canyons that are called streets. We should be abandoning the noisy, crowded, treeless, grassless cement desert of the city for the quiet, the privacy, the blue skies and green prospects of the countryside. We should be furnishing ourselves not only a home, but also a homestead—with land for flowers and vegetables, for shrubs and for fruit, for pets and for domestic animals. And time formerly necessary to earn money for rent would be released to be used productively, creatively, healthfully in the development of the homestead.

We come now to that very difficult subject, clothing. Clothing represents 16 percent of the

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expenditures of the average American family. It requires forty-nine days of labor per year to earn the money to meet the cost of procuring this item of the average budget.

As long as men and women—but men especially—insist upon wearing the styles of clothing they wear today, domestic production can probably cut this item less than any other part of the budget. Men's clothing will have to be made by skilled tailors as long as they insist upon the hideous garments they now wear. Women's clothing, however, is fortunately still simple enough to lend itself to home-sewing. A very material saving could be made in the time which now has to be devoted to earning money if, as far as possible, women's clothing were made in the home.

While no revolutionary savings are probable on clothing in the immediate future, a very great reduction in the economic "sacrifice" needed for clothing ourselves would be possible, if we were to take the whole subject of costuming into our own hands. Today this is in the hands of a caste of "designers" working for textile mills, which have to keep thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms busy, and other designers working for the garment manufacturers, who have to keep their ranks of sewing machines busy. Naturally, the fabrics and garments they design have little relationship either to the physiological or the esthetic needs of human beings. Whether a new style is healthy or unhealthy, ugly or beautiful, is a matter of no consequence to the designer, provided it possesses the one essential virtue of persuading consumers to buy new garments and discard their old ones. New styles are produced not because they are more beautiful or more useful than the old, but because they keep the wheels of industry turning.

If the designing of clothing were to be taken over by its wearers, the costumes would probably be simpler than they are today; they would probably exploit the sense of beauty more intelligently; they would attain a dignity that is absent from the machine-dominated products of our factories. And it is quite possible that if the designing of clothes became an outlet for the creativity of the individual, a revival of home spinning and weaving might accompany the new interest in home garment making.

With scientifically designed domestic machines and equally scientific methods for operating them, we could provide ourselves more abundantly with more beautiful clothing, and supply the home with many of its textiles at an actual reduction of the time which now has to be spent earning the money with which to buy factory-made products. We would be the gainers by fully twenty-four days' time per year.

We now come to the possibilities of economy in the eighty-four days we devote at present to earning money for sundries and savings. A net saving is possible on soaps, cleaners, floor wax, furniture polish, paints, medicines, germicides, cosmetics, baking powders, beverages of all kinds—both alcoholic and non-alcoholic—and the other innumerable things that we can make for ourselves, of better qualities and at a saving of time, if the time necessary to make them be compared with the time necessary to earn the money to buy them.

When we come to the time devoted to earning money for saving and investment, a making-and-consuming system would mean an even greater economy of time than is possible for any of the items that we have previously considered. For we save and invest today at the high rate here estimated—10 percent of the total time devoted to gainful labor—in large part because of the economic insecurity imposed upon us by our factory-dominated civilization. We have to save, when saving has not become a pathological habit, because we must provide against illness, unemployment, and old age. But under a regime such as that which I advocate this insecurity would almost entirely disappear. We should live with almost absolute security as to the basic essentials of life. We should be certain of food, clothing, and shelter, so long as any of the members of the home were able to get about at all. Saving of money would not therefore be so urgent. The mere possession of a productive home and homestead doubly reduces the need of saving because it provides the essentials of comfort for dependents in case of our death. It is no accidental coincidence that the great growth of life insurance has been an accompaniment of the great growth of the factory. With the factory came insecurity, and with insecurity came life insurance.

With saving less urgent, it could be spread over twice the numbers of years now given to the task of providing against the future. And if we devoted 5 percent of our yearly time, instead of 10 percent, to earning money for this purpose, there would be a clear gain of fourteen days' time per year.

Even if we disregard the economies possible in the items classed as sundries, and add merely these fourteen days to the economies previously enumerated, it is plain that *more than one-third of the time we now devote to gainful employment is unnecessary*.

The following table represents, I am sure, a very conservative statement of the possibilities of time-saving under a making-and-consuming economy.

Item	Time Needed under Factory Economy for Earning Money		Time Needed under New Economy			Net Saving under New Economy
			For Domestic Production	For Earning Money	Total Time Needed	
Food	91		33	23	56	35
Shelter	44.8					
Fuel and Light	11.2	56	18	15	33	23
Clothing	49		13	12	25	24
Sundries	56		(1)	56	56	
Savings	28			14	14	14
Total	280		64	120	184	96

(All figures represent labor days)

(1) Omitted because of the difficulty of making any estimate. The probable savings is very large—perhaps as much as one-third of the time at present devoted to earning the money for sundries.

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If we can persuade ourselves to devote to the quest of comfort some of the concentrated energy which we now devote to the quest of wealth, we shall find that the domestic production of the essentials of comfort makes it possible to furnish ourselves with food, clothing, and shelter, not only in the qualities and the quantities to which we are now accustomed, but in qualities superior to those of the factory products we now consume, and in quantities so abundant that hospitality might again become one of the graces in which we could indulge our souls.

RALPH BORSODI.

The third article in Mr. Borsodi's series will appear in The New Republic next week. It seeks to answer the question: "A civilization of factories —or a civilization of homes?"

The Women Take Stock

ON JUNE 17, the Women's International Suffrage Alliance assembled in Berlin to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. Four hundred registered delegates, from forty countries, gathered in the large hall of the Restaurant Kroll. We had chosen Berlin as our meeting place, because the corner-stone of this organization, which today exercises a world-wide influence, was laid twenty-five years ago by a small group of courageous feminists in this city. At that time, Germany was a rich and military nation, with little sympathy for liberty and less for feminism. Even in the democracies of Europe and America, the claims of women for an equal share with men in the responsibilities of life were met with indignation and contempt. Today this equality is already accepted in many countries as a commonplace of justice, and it is rapidly being won in the others. With the assuming of this equality, women have also assumed the responsibility to work for the two great aims that still remain: economic liberty and international peace.

In its meeting this summer, the Alliance devoted itself to discussing and formulating definite recommendations on the following questions:

Family allowances.
The extension of female suffrage in the still unenfranchised countries.
The legal and social fate of the illegitimate child.
Equal conditions of work for men and women.
Peace.

The discussion of these problems was carried on chiefly in British or Continental terms, which were often unfamiliar to American ears. But in spite of the difference in language among these representatives of countries in every stage of political freedom and economic organization, there could be no doubt of the essential harmony of our aims. Perhaps the only aspects of the debate that were new to the American members were the frequent appeals to the League of Nations, as the governmental agency best fitted to help in carrying out our purposes, and the emphasis laid on the problem of the illegitimate child. This latter received a new significance, even for those of us who were already familiar with the plight of our so-called "Filipino orphans." The difficulties that confront women in industry were also discussed. In nearly all of these subjects, resolutions were drawn up advocating specific action.

The most important matter under consideration, however, was unquestionably the maintenance of international peace. Besides a resolution against the use of poisonous gases in war, the convention drew up a detailed support of a triple peace plan, aiming at:

1. General disarmament.
2. The peaceful settlement of international difficulties.
3. The eventual abolition of war.

The Peace Meeting of the Alliance was addressed by Gertrude Baumer, Deputy in the Reich, Madame Naidu of India, Madame Bakker von Bosse of Holland, Madame Schwab of France, Bertha Lutz of Brazil, and Dame Rachel Crowdy of England. Count Bernstorff came from Geneva expressly to speak at this meeting. And the crowds of interested listeners who flocked to it were so great that loud speakers had to be installed to carry the discussion to overflow halls.

The official objectives of the convention were thus debated in public; but as I look back over our meetings, it seems to me that perhaps the chief significance of the conference lay in what might be considered the by-products of our activity. And to my mind there were two of these:

1. The choice of Berlin as a meeting place ended an anti-German boycott of ten years; and
2. The conduct of the conference proved to its own members that, in an atmosphere of intense national feeling, women can still work for a statesmanlike peace that will not ignore national feeling, but rise above it.

The dissipating of the anti-German boycott was revealed in the pleasant personal relations that existed between the members of the Alliance and our hosts, and the large crowds, especially of young people, that turned out to meet us on every occasion. (Few people outside Germany realize that it is fifteen years since the rising generation has seen any considerable number of foreigners.) The conference was delightfully entertained by Minister of the Interior Severing and his assistant, Captain Abegg, as well as by the Municipality of Berlin. A gala opera night was given, with a performance of the "Marriage of Figaro," at which the former imperial box was occupied by delegates, with Minister Severing and Mrs. Corbett Ashby, President of the Alliance, seated together

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in the front of the box. On Sunday morning, the People's Theater, of the Socialist quarter, was jammed to the ceiling by a paying audience. Speaking choruses of working men, women, and children, on the stage, recited the horrors of war, against a background of kaleidoscopic light, portraying factories and tenements.

All of this, it is true—including even the opening of many private homes to us—was a planned rather than spontaneous response to our presence. But no official planning could have evoked the crowds that attended our discussions with interest and enthusiasm. The Policewomen's meeting had three overflow halls. When the political delegates spoke in the Reichstag under the able leadership of Senator Plaminkova, of Czechoslovakia, the hall was dangerously crowded and overflow meetings had to be arranged there also. I have already mentioned the throng that applied for admittance to our peace meeting.

To many of these people, our appearance was like the ending of an exile. Since the War, they had been shunned by their late enemies: they had been sent into coventry. And the defensive manner with which they first met us gradually warmed into welcome, as they realized the unconstrained frankness and cordiality on the part of French, English, Italian, and American delegates. So far as the women of the world are concerned, the ice has been broken.

The ability of women to work for a statesmanlike peace in the presence of national feeling appeared in the convention's handling of the subject of military occupation. At a long session of the whole assembly, a majority voted to include a clause in the resolutions condemning this practice. Protests had been made, it is true, by certain groups, notably the French delegation, on the ground that political difficulties of a strictly national character were not suitable subjects for action under the constitution of the Alliance.

So far, all of this might have happened in any convention anywhere, but what followed could not have been predicted so easily. The German and French delegates next met with the leading Swiss delegate and myself, and we agreed upon a formula which protested against military, political, economic, and cultural oppressions under any circumstances. Frau Ulich Beil, for Germany, and Madame Malaterre Sellier, for France, urged the convention to adopt this re-wording, in which each group was willing to sacrifice some national prejudice for the sake of common welfare.

You may say that it made little difference what wording we adopted, since troops do not take their marching orders from women's resolutions. Yet the significance of what happened was unmistakable. The German delegation might have won a newspaper popularity by taking a patriotic stand and refusing to yield an inch; instead of which, it ran the real risk of incurring hostile publicity. Although the majority was behind it, its action was generous. The French delegation, which was large and representative, might have maintained its protest, and on its return to Paris it would have been rewarded with the approval of many in France. In an atmosphere of great tension, both delegations chose to sacrifice an immediate victory. They declared frankly that international difficulties of this kind could never be settled peacefully by governments without generous statesmanship, and they were guided by their sagacity instead of their emotions.

How often, in the past, women have sown the seeds of further wars by nursing the bitterness of injured national feeling! Only too frequently it has been the women who have forbidden the men to forget or forgive, and have brought up their children on hate. We have only to think of our Civil War to realize what prejudices were kept alive by women, and at what a terrible cost. But at last women are learning to look beyond local, or national, fears, to perceive the common danger of all men, and the need for common action.

I have come back from Berlin with the conviction that the women of today are prepared to play a constructive role in the establishing of international peace. I have seen them behave with common sense and self-control, and I believe that one war wound has been helped to heal by the faith of the women of the Alliance in the international welfare of mankind.

RUTH MORGAN.

That Squelched Prohibition Pamphlet

SCORES of requests for a peep at the pamphlet that was to show how prohibition could be taught in our schools flood the Prohibition Unit at Washington each day, and are turned down. For, alas, the pamphlet that was to have been the feature at the recent convention of the National Educational Association in Atlanta has been suppressed. It is now under lock and key in Prohibition Commissioner Doran's office, where its only effect is to whet the curiosity of visitors. Dr. Doran shudders at any mention of it; the loquacious Mr. Lowman, in charge of prohibition enforcement, is mute on the subject; and Miss Anna B. Sutter, chief of the division of prohibition statistics and education, who actually prepared the pamphlet, may not even be seen. Never did seven little pages, three inches by six, give government officials, from the President down, such anxiety.

The aim of the pamphlet, with which Dr. Doran and Mr. Lowman disavow all connection, so that it is now left with a mother but no father, was to suggest to the convening educators how prohibition could be put over to the young. It was not to be a single subject like spelling or geography; that would hardly be enough. It was to be made to permeate all subjects. Strictly speaking, this was

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not a new idea: history had already been fashioned to put patriotism across. Why could not the government do the same for prohibition, employing, however, many subjects instead of one?

A few instances will show how simply this might be done. Instead of giving Johnny the useless problem of how much a man can get for nineteen bushels of potatoes when he sells three for $2.90, Johnny could be made to figure out how many more boys go to college since their fathers stopped drinking. He would not only learn arithmetic, which is important, to be sure, but the value of prohibition, which is paramount. In English, dull compositions on "The Nicest Day I Ever Spent" might be effectively replaced by realistic essays on "What Prohibition Did for My Community as Told Me by My Aunt Hester." History, under the prohibition regime, might substitute for such lesser figures as Washington and Grant, who were wets, real crusaders like Wayne Wheeler and Mabel Willebrandt. And so on.

Of course, the offending pamphlet, entitled "How shall we teach the Eighteenth Amendment?" does not go into such details. But it suggests arithmetic, English, social studies, civics, drawing, current events, and character education for the conveyance of prohibition. "The relation of prohibition to progress, prosperity and personality" it submits under social studies; and under current events: "A study of newspapers as to bias. Are they friendly or antagonistic to the Eighteenth Amendment? Can their reporting and editorial writing be depended upon to be fair or must one read with caution and discrimination?" Under drawing, it proposes "posters showing benefits of prohibition with significant slogans" and lists a few:

> Lawmakers must not be lawbreakers.
> It takes two to make a bootlegger.
> Give Prohibition a chance. The liquor traffic had its day.
> Obedience to law is protection.
> Safety and Sobriety are brothers.
> The Eighteenth Amendment helps us to have beautiful homes, more convenient homes, and money in the savings bank.
> The Eighteenth Amendment stands for better boys and better business.
> No one now wants to be a Slave—to appetite or to habit.
> Is Prohibition a success? Ask the Bankers.
> Ask the Salvation Army.
> Ask the Social Workers.
> Ask the Mothers.
> Ask Everybody.

"The government needs the help and coöperation of every teacher from Maine to California, and from Washington State to Florida," reads the censored pamphlet, "in developing a consciousness of the proper attitude toward this law"—generously adding "and all laws." It advocates a class, or school, or even city-wide, scrapbook on prohibition, which might be called "Progress" and would be like the collections of Hunnish outrages our children pasted up during the War. In a reckless endeavor to be helpful, it adds that phases of prohibition might even be taught under such topics as Reliability, Thrift, Health, Industry, Efficiency, Initiative, Judgment, Social-mindedness, and Self-control.

Another tract, also under the ban, states:

> Our country needs young people who understand the Eighteenth Amendment and its workings; young people who know the story of the hundred years preceding its adoption; young people whose opinions are so well grounded, in fact, that they will not be easily misled by false or one-sided arguments.

Needless to say, any child who emerged from this admirable training would be as dry as chalk. Why, then, was it nipped in the bud? Why was the promising little pamphlet snatched away and hidden before the educators could catch a glimpse of it? The truth is that Miss Anna B. Sutter who had prepared it, embarrassed the government by a slight indiscretion. Being justifiably proud of her child, she showed it to a Boston newspaper man a few days before it could make its debut at the convention. Immediately, the wet newspapers pounced upon it as the most fanatic thing the prohibition authorities had done in many months. Their representatives crowded around Miss Sutter with pencils and cameras. Having made her famous, they proceeded towards Dr. Doran and Mr. Lowman, but President Hoover had got there first. "What does this mean?" he asked Ogden Mills over the telephone, as he read of the antics of his dry staff. Mr. Mills didn't know, and neither did Mr. Mellon, so Mr. Lowman was hurriedly sent for. Dr. Doran scurried back from Philadelphia. Conferences were held, but neither Mr. Lowman nor his immediate subordinate, Dr. Doran, would admit any responsibility for the scheme.

Poor Miss Sutter! A day after her picture had decorated the front pages of the newspapers, she was quietly muzzled and her pamphlets confiscated. The electric sign that had been prepared to advertise prohibition at Atlanta was abandoned. Prohibition posters, submitted by competing slogan-makers and hatchet-wavers over the country, were taken down from the walls of her office, under the dubious gaze of Dr. Doran, whose office is in the same corridor. Miss Sutter was sent to the convention to answer all questions on prohibition—very indirectly now—but her pamphlets remained behind. The $50,000 which Congress appropriated for prohibition education is to be used for more factual treatises and, it is promised, to be submitted only upon request.

But even Miss Sutter's punishment could not wholly protect Mr. Lowman. In these days petticoats are not full enough. Dr. Doran, the news-

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papers prophesied, would be relegated to the chemistry division, but Mr. Lowman was scheduled for the great nowhere. Mr. Hoover is not eager for officials who make statements and drag prohibition into the foreground. He would prefer to have the issue forgotten, which is impossible with Mr. Lowman. Only the other day, Mr. Lowman said that the Treasury Department was considering a barbed-wire fence between the United States and Canada, which would cost $10,000,000 and tear the trousers of rum-runners, a scheme pronounced senseless by Mr. Mellon. Before that, he had justified the killing of Henry Virkula, a merchant, near International Falls, Minnesota, by a dry agent, and had accused the newspapers of coloring the story. Under his regime, Jacob Hanson, a prominent Elk, was killed near Buffalo, the yacht of Stuyvesant Fish was boarded in New York harbor, a Norwegian vessel was fired at in the Baltimore harbor, and the "I'm Alone" was sunk.

A sensational record, indeed, for a Hoover official, and even Mr. Lowman took the rumors of his own resignation seriously. "I know that politics always ends sooner or later in the tragedy of defeat," he said, with the dignity of a Roman consul. "Sporadic fame or national prominence is but ashes in a man's mouth." When the White House denied the rumors, however, and Mr. Mellon praised him, he changed his tune. "Resign?" he echoed, to the queries of the press. "Me? Say, that's the bunk. That's a notion of wet newspaper men, that's all." Perhaps Mr. Hoover would be glad to let the matter rest with this until his plan of concentrating prohibition enforcement in the Department of Justice can be effected. That would automatically eliminate Mr. Lowman without actually kicking him out. In Washington, the betting on his departure is fifty-fifty.

DUFF GILFOND.

Washington Notes

APPARENTLY, when the Senate re-convenes, the real administration leadership in the matter of the tariff will be lodged in the hands of Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania. This is either an illustration of Senator Reed's capacity, or of the incapacity of Messrs. Smoot and Watson—interpret it for yourself. The plain fact is that Mr. Smoot is old and tired, and manifestly incapable of handling the situation. The real work on the Finance Committee, of which he is the head, is being done now by Mr. Reed. As for the noble James, titular leader of the Senate majority, the truth about him is that he not only does not enjoy the confidence of the White House, but his congenital ineptitude is of a character to make the idea of everybody's following him more or less a joke. It is true enough that Senator Reed has not that close personal relationship with the President which would make him an ideal administration spokesman in the Senate. He was by no means one of the original "Hoover boys" in those sweaty and trying days last year, when the efficient Herbert was struggling toward his nomination and making very slow progress. Reed did little or nothing to bring his revered Pittsburgh patron and friend, Mr. Mellon, into line for Herbert. And in the last two months Mr. Reed not only differed with Mr. Hoover on the national-origins matter but successfully upheld his end of that difference in the Senate.

Nevertheless, it is perfectly clear that Senator Reed is the best Mr. Hoover can do at this time in the way of a leader in the Senate, and if, as pointed out in this place last week, the Senate disposition now is to reduce rather than increase the rates on industrials in the House bill, the earnest and active coöperation of Mr. Reed is certainly essential. The situation is such that a reduction cannot be accomplished without him, unless control is relinquished to the coalition of insurgents and Democrats which so nearly succeeded in putting through the Borah resolution just before the recess. While, of course, Mr. Reed will see to it that his Pennsylvania interests "get theirs," he will be able, better than anyone else, to handle and steer the bill once it is on the floor. He is an effective person in debate, this Mr. Reed, agile and resourceful, fluent and forceful, able to make a good fight for a poor cause, as he has more than once demonstrated in the last three years. He falls far short of the stature of a statesman but he is incomparably more effective than any other single individual on the regular Republican side in the Senate. Hoover will have to depend largely upon him this fall, a fact which is already appreciated by the White House political advisers, counselors, and guides. There is not one among them with the least idea that Senator Henry J. Allen of Kansas, who has been widely heralded as the real blown-in-the-bottle Hooverite in the Senate, can be helpful in any way in this fight other than by voting right. Henry has already demonstrated an ineffectiveness as a Senate reasoner that puts him in a class of his own. He is willing enough, but he scatters his fire much too widely to be a dependable political marksman.

The most significant piece of news that has come out of the White House in the last week or so was the statement about the Post Office deficit, estimated to reach the startling and unprecedented figure of $135,000,000 this year. There are several reasons why the figures and facts made public by Mr. Hoover concerning the Post Office department are interesting. One is, because they are perhaps the most striking illustration of the complete humbuggery of the Coolidge economy claims that has yet come to light. The facts show that from 1924 to 1928 the Post Office deficit trebled in size. The man whose reputation for thrift and economy was so carefully and successfully constructed leaves, as a legacy to his successor, a deficit of staggering and unprecedented size in one department. The deficit practically eliminates hope of any real tax reduction resulting from the $185,000,000 Treasury surplus which the undreamed-of increase in income tax payments has produced for the fiscal year just closed.

It will be interesting, too, to see whether Mr. Hoover can do anything about it. Apparently he is determined to. To start with, he frankly concedes that the Post Office department figures are unreliable and its book-keeping methods archaic and absurd. Through Mr. Brown, the Postmaster General, he orders a survey of the whole situation, with a view of dredging up the facts and getting at the

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basic causes. When this has been accomplished he promises action. At least, such was the general impression he conveyed to the "gentlemen of the press" in his conversation with them on the subject. I confess to a certain skepticism about the action. I shall be greatly surprised if anything really is done. I shall be amazed if the deficit does not continue to exist. It may—and probably will—be reduced, but not very greatly. The reason, I think, is plain. One of the causes for the deficit has been pointed out by every Postmaster General since I can recall, to wit, the carrying of the weekly and monthly periodicals with mass circulation, together with the newspapers, far below cost. Such has always been the Post Office contention. The chief blame has been laid upon the periodicals rather than upon the daily newspapers, but both have been held responsible. Postmaster General after Postmaster General has cited figures and made recommendations for the raising of rates. The publishers individually and collectively have invariably disputed the accuracy of the Post Office figures and the soundness of the Post Office reasoning. They have, in addition, applied a pressure to Congress that members of House and Senate have never been able to resist and I do not think ever can. It will be extremely interesting to see what the real figures show, and just how hard the administration pushes, should they show beyond dispute that the periodical and newspaper rate is unreasonably and unjustifiably low.

Probably the heat accounts for two of the "stories" that, written in all seriousness, went out over the wires last week and appeared in a number of newspapers. If it was not the heat then I am completely baffled, because the most diligent search has failed to reveal any foundation for either. One was to the effect that Mr. Hoover had had a change of heart about Russia, that instead of being adamant as formerly in his opposition to recognition of the Soviet government, he had greatly modified his views and was now inclined in the other direction. The further interesting idea was advanced that Mr. Hughes' retention by the Standard Oil Company as counsel had somewhat softened him in the same way. If there is anything solid on which to base these statements I have not been able to find it. Personally, I do not believe that Mr. Hughes has changed in the least. After a long and fairly close observance of Mr. Hughes since the days of his governorship in New York, I cannot recall a single instance when he changed his mind, once made up. Nothing can be done with Mr. Hughes after he has got "sot." With Mr. Hoover there is a better chance. He is more apt to be open-minded. It would be a relief if, now that he is President, he would sit down and review the whole case for recognition, discarding all preconceived notions and prejudices. About the only reason for thinking he may do this is the very flimsy one of his strongly unfavorable reaction to the silly talk about Bolshevists put out by The National Republic magazine in its unfortunate effort to secure contributions for the purpose of protecting ourselves against the "insidious propaganda" and "Communist activities" aimed at the "overthrow of our government." There is no doubt that he did express his opinion pretty strongly as to its silliness. However, it does not seem quite enough to forecast a complete change of front on Russia.

The other hot-weather story of the week was a resurrection of the Mellon resignation report. You would think that not even the heat would justify a reprinting of this fantasy. Yet a very plausible and, to the ignorant, convincing tale was woven around the various recent appointments in the Treasury made without initiative upon the part of Mr. Mellon, the chief of which is that of Ferry Heath of Michigan as Assistant Secretary. The idea was to show that the Hoover reversal of the Mellon policy of no publicity for income tax refunds, together with the Hoover insistence upon putting his own selections in more or less key places, had so annoyed Mr. Mellon that he was preparing to resign—would resign in a short while. There is nothing the matter with this story except that it happens not to be so. It is true that the Mellon policy on publicity has been changed by Mr. Hoover. It is true also that Mr. Heath's appointment was made at Mr. Hoover's suggestion and not at Mr. Mellon's, and that the new Internal Revenue Collector is a Hoover and not a Mellon choice. However, it is not true that Mr. Mellon is annoyed or irritated, and it is certainly not true that he contemplates resigning. On the contrary, the best information is that Mr. Mellon is quite happy, has had no contention at all with Mr. Hoover, was perfectly agreeable to the Hoover selections, gets on very well with Mr. Hoover personally. I may be doing them an injustice but I suspect that this last report of the Mellon resignation was stirred up by some of the senatorial critics of the Secretary of the Treasury, who are tremendously exasperated by the remarkable way in which the old gentleman continues to enjoy his job. He will of course resign some time or other, but it won't be because of any presidential suggestions as to the running or the manning of his department.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Sic Semper?

MY FRIENDS the X's have been telling me of their visit in Seville during the late spring and of what they felt at the exposition. There are two expositions on, as you know, this year in Spain, one at Seville and the other at Barcelona. SHE is lovely, with the skin of a Pompadour's fondest dreams, a luminous eye, a kind mouth, and a nose that has the line of Louis XVI's epoch and the scorn of the generation before, when the Regent made high wits the specialty at court. HE is tall, honest and right, with a calm affability and a deep, wise charm in whose trail friendship is sure to follow and behind whose goodness an instinctive choiceness rules the day. I am going to call them X——, I say, and there is some banter about Madame X of the play and her dismal and taut demeanor—they have given me leave to record their visit to the exposition.

The X's were sitting at their café table struggling in their budding Spanish to achieve some favorite wine of the neighborhood, on the basis that what is regarded as the best under the sun of any place must be worthy of experiment. Near by them an old priest sat, and after a mo-

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ment's listening and compassion he came to their rescue. They were Southerners, he could see that, he said, by way of opening the conversation, and ordered the wine for them, as he explained that he had once had a parish for several years in Louisiana. He joined them for the wine and afterward for a visit to the American Building at the exposition. That must be it, he said, pointing off generally into the noisy air, in which the raucous sounds of a talking-machine spread for blocks. They found themselves in a Spanish house in which, when they entered, they found Spanish furniture, antique furniture, as they remember, which makes it all the more ironical.

"But is this the American Building?" Mrs. X inquired of the young man in charge.

He said that it was.

The three visitors, my two friends and the old priest, looked round them. Mrs. X grew hot at the sight.

"What do you mean," she said, turning on the young man in charge, "by having this Spanish house and Spanish furniture? Isn't there anything in America to show?"

"What do you mean?" the young man said, but poorly pleased by this attack.

"I mean it's ridiculous, we bring our friend here to see American life and you show us this!"

"Well," the young man said, "there's an ice machine upstairs."

The ice machine was upstairs, Mrs. X goes on, half laughing and half furious, as she recounts to me this experience, and besides the ice machine there was a scheme for building a chicken coop, and either in this or the other American building there were moving pictures of how a telephone is made.

What we want to do, the young man said, is for America to show these Spaniards how to build sanitary houses and build cheaper.

These—sanitary—cheaper— The old priest in his immaculate linen against that white, ascetic face, looked at his two American hosts, and they explained in an aside that the young man was only stupid and that not all Americans thought so naïvely and so cocksurely, and thus the moment passed. It seemed good, however, to go on into the other building.

This second palace of the American people was a large affair like a barn, with a tin roof.

"In one corner," Mrs. X says, "there was a great talking-machine sort of thing, that cost $30,000, that fact we must note. It played and had megaphones attached to it, some inside the building, some outside—it was these outside ones that made the neighboring air so hideous. And, as if its own inside noise was not horrible enough, it could be also a sort of long distance radio."

"No," the husband contradicts, "it was awful but it was not a radio."

"Darling, I know it was, and it cost $30,000."

"$30,000, yes, and horrible yes, but not radio."

"I'm sure it was."

"Very well. At least I know you behaved very badly."

You can see that he was proud of his behavior.

"'Is that all in this building?' I asked," Mrs. X continues, smiling at me but a little red in the eye. "A young lady was in charge this time. Her family had been appointed by President Hoover, she said, to run the show. No, there was a printing press, or something, it was turning out pictures of Coolidge, the mother seemed to be managing this and gave each of us a picture. The priest looked at his politely and said he was afraid his country would not understand that expression, such a face puzzled him. 'Speaking of your other admirable exhibition,' he said, meaning the sanitation and the chicken coop, 'I suppose all that simplifies things for the housewife?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it makes life easier.' 'The question is,' he said, 'is life a matter of housewives?'"

X smiles a literary smile that shows he is a critic and, during the summer weather at least, an imp, as he interrupts her, "*Huzzif* you pronounce it in English poetry. Like *huzzy*, and *if*, probability of a huzzy."

"There were other pieces of information," his wife says coldly ignoring the witticisms, "and what was that other machine, there was some sort of other machine, dear?"

"God knows."

"'I want a drink of water,' I said," she continues, "'have you any water?' They said there was water, in a tone to offend all Spain."

By this time, listening to her, I am hot myself and disgusted. Is this really how it was? I ask, and both X in his sobriety and Mrs. X in her fiery boredom assure me that it was precisely thus. And a good deal worse, they say, because they cannot convey to me the obviousness and stupidity of the effect, the vast air of drab and cocky emptiness, and the blatant vulgarity of the sound with which the locality squawked and panted. Considering the glamor of the New World in the Old——! The best thing they could do, at the time, they say, was to get out; and so they came into the street again, feeling very cheap and foolish by the side of the quiet, kind old priest.

They walked along almost the whole length of the street till they came to the garden of their café again and sat down and ordered glasses of *manzanilla*. The priest had been silent, none of the three, in fact, had spoken. They could still hear the blatant talking-machine, but the singing of some workmen laying flags in a patio near rather helped; it could not drown the machine but at least mixed it up; the horror was softened and the strident energy of it graced with sweet humanity.

"Oh, I forgot," Mrs. X says to me, "there was also an old bale of cotton, dirty and ragged—goodness knows how long it had been in Europe."

"Yes, sir, that cotton had seen the world," X says.

We may as well get it over, I think to myself—

"And was our exhibit at the Barcelona Exposition better?"

At Barcelona, she says, we refused to exhibit. Twenty-two nations were represented in this international affair, but we couldn't manage it. I can hardly credit this, but she assures me it is a fact. It is astonishing what thunderclouds can loom on so delicate a brow, and there is another silence.

"I knew how disappointed the priest must be," she says presently, "he'd talked of America to his friends, I suppose. But he merely looked up quietly at us, after a while, I mean, and then at his glass of wine, 'If I hadn't seen your country,' he said, 'I'm afraid I shouldn't know what it is like.'"

X looks at me, and then at the opposite wall. His voice

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is editorial, his tone has in it that world-without-end-amen something that comes now and then.

"Exactly. If he hadn't seen America, but had judged it by— And I wonder how long this will describe us?"

STARK YOUNG.

Summer Shows

MR. EARL CARROLL is rapidly becoming the trickiest of our showmen. He has always had certain essential virtues: he splashes his colors, multiplies his chorus girls, makes his music play loud, and keeps his shows running at top speed; from the beginning his fun has been rowdy and unrefined; he exploits winners of beauty shows and figures notorious in the newspapers. He has managed to cover up his defects, those lapses of taste and deficiencies in humor which his sketches show, and his incapacity to make a revue run with the smoothness of the older masters of the game; he has covered, that is, by being spectacular and impudent. In his new show, "The Sketch Book," he no longer covers—he advertises. The prologue to the revue is a photophone of himself and Eddie Cantor arriving at the profound idea that the only essential element in a revue is "Legs, legs, legs." By crying "legs" and suggesting nudity, Mr. Carroll has persuaded the audience, and even the reviewers, that his offering is particularly nude and a bit rough. Actually it isn't. One graceful young woman appears in full light with a minimum of clothing; the rest are shown behind gauze or in brief flashes with quick curtains. I was much less conscious of nudity than I have been at most of his previous shows, and the rough sketches, all based on infidelity, are totally inoffensive. Last year they were not. Mr. Carroll, in short, is a reversed hypocrite, paying tribute not to the virtue he lacks, but to the vices.

This misplaced emphasis obscures the real good in "The Sketch Book," which is a continuous flow of slapstick comedy. Will Mahoney, William Demarest, and the Three Sailors, all out of vaudeville and all doing much the same thing, are consistently funny; they all fall, slap one another, and act tough; but as they are not imitative, they manage not to be monotonous. Mahoney has long been popular for a patter song which he sings in hundreds of verses until the audience can bear no more, then going into a dance in which he begins to fall and staggers, still dancing, from one side of the stage to the other, casting agonized glances at the proscenium arch, where he can come to rest. Demarest stops suddenly in the midst of any act, falls on his back, rises in a jump and fails to keep his balance. The Three Sailors are knockabouts with great skill in eccentric combinations of their bodies; with Demarest they go into a face-slapping act, an argument in which every point is made with a slap, which is quite mad, pointless, and enormously exhilarating. Perhaps because there is too much of this, and Carroll does not vary his acts enough, the best moment of the entire evening is entirely different —when Mahoney begins to sing a Mammy song and instead of the ordinary imitation of Jolson does a genuine burlesque and ends with frantic cries of joy at returning to the Sunny South—while he is being drenched by a pouring rain.

Last year Mr. Carroll had a robot number, a dance of mechanized girls which was well conceived and a little sinister, with showers of glowing metal to give light, with metallic clothes, with a chain-gang movement in the dance. It was the sort of thing one expects in a sophisticated revue. This year the comparable number takes place at the Gates of Heaven and in Paradise and is equally exciting. Instead of scenery, he has a screen on which a ball of color swirls at terrific speed, changing the shape of its center, changing hue, changing size, in continuous movement—the Heaven of a motorized humanity. It is a piece of mechanism, to be sure; but with a stage full of shouting and dancing men and women, all dark except for extremities picked out in radiolite, it becomes one of the most exciting events in the summer theater. It suggests that Mr. Carroll has not yet come to the end of his rope and that if he stops imagining himself a glorifier of girls, he may put on superb revues.

About Ziegfeld there is no such question. He has arrived at his highest point, has stayed there for many years, and shows no signs of falling off. Except where he goes grand and tries to put on a ballet to George Gershwin's American in Paris, his new production, "Show Girl," is one of his masterpieces. It is superior to most because it began with a snappy and intelligent book by J. P. McEvoy, and the snap of the book remains even when the plot has been reduced to the terms of revue. When Ziegfeld tried a similar project, reducing Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" to a musical show, he fell to pieces, creating a dull and pretentious work which was saved by the supremely fine music of Jerome Kern. In "Show Girl," Ziegfeld is back in his own field, revue, and although Gershwin's music let him down a little, he could call on the experts whose work he can himself correct. The comedy, the dancing, the staging, and the welding of all the elements into a unified whole, are all a tribute to a master hand. The dances arranged by Bobby Connolly rank with the lovely dances directed last year by Russell Markert; they are fresh, they use the chorus in new formations, with new steps, for new purposes.

The two other elements out of which Ziegfeld made his show are the stars: Ruby Keeler (Jolson) and Jimmie Durante. Miss Keeler, one understands, is a dancer, and it is true that she dances well; but what Ziegfeld and his directors have done makes her dancing secondary. They have exploited talents as a comic actress which are quite unusual and Miss Keeler creates a character, giving the simplicity, the impudence, the assurance, and even a trace of the tenderness which McEvoy wrote into Dixie Dugan. The whole effect is smart and easy, entirely in the tone of the show.

It is, of course, the tone of Broadway and the night clubs and the tabloids, and into it Jimmie Durante falls with perfect poise. All of the material he uses with his partners, Jackson and Clayton, and in his solos, comes out of his own night club entertainments; but Durante has too much sense of the stage merely to import outside elements. The method of placing his material, the variations he has made in his dynamics, the bits of character acting he does to introduce his comedy are all intelligent, and when he goes into his big acts he has arranged everything so that he is at home and you are at home with him.

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In this, his first legitimate appearance, he easily "runs away with the show"—but stops short of spoiling it because he manages to make whatever he does contribute to the affairs of Dixie Dugan and her lovers, and, what is more important, to the affairs of the chorus and the stage manager and Mr. Ziegfeld.

He tells bad jokes and good ones with complete confidence in their wit or lack of it—and makes them equally amusing. He acts, he plays, he entertains. And no one now playing in New York approaches his warm humor, his enormous zest, and his talent.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Native and a Pacifist

SIR: The cases of Madame Schwimmer and Doctor MacIntosh are of such sinister import and augur so poorly of the spiritual perceptions and understanding of officialdom in America that, for one, I am convinced the time has come for some individual American, whose citizenship is rooted in the soil, to make these cases his own "in extension," as it were, and get this matter of citizenship down to a base of American fundamentals, genuine American principles, concepts, values and ideals and not leave it any longer to the apostate prejudices and misconceptions of official disposition or official indisposition.

This American should be, preferably, one of eminence, and there should be whole legions of him. But if one such is not forthcoming, and immediately so, then perhaps an obscure American may be the laboratory instrument and serve the purpose as well.

We are living in a laboratory age, an age where experiment seems the very essence of everyday existence. And, since man is more important than the things he uses, so is the ethical, sociological, spiritual laboratory more important than any other to the life of the man. Of this laboratory is citizenship and all that it implies.

My forbears were part of the fabric of Valley Forge, settlers of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania dating back to 1683. And I regard the rulings in the Schwimmer and MacIntosh cases as stupid, iniquitous and un-American apostasy. I share with Madame Schwimmer and Doctor MacIntosh their loathing of war and herewith register the same refusal to support or condone war on any ground. And I regard it of immediate importance that some such native citizenship (mine if a more noteworthy is not forthcoming) be taken into court by some laboratory group as a laboratory test of this matter, and a basic ruling demanded on this categorical refusal to support war. It is long since time that a false political order and false political machinery be made to account for its apostasy.

New York City. HORACE CASSELBERRY.

The Economics of *Khaddar*

SIR: In Bruce Bliven's highly interesting article in your issue of July 10, on "Mr. Borsodi's Way Out," there occurs an unfortunate reference to Gandhi of India. Says Mr. Bliven:

> Gandhi, largely for political and psychological reasons, advocates substitution of hand work for the machine in the making of cloth in India, a proposal which in the long run is economically unsound and, therefore, cannot endure.

This is the natural viewpoint of the American who thinks of industry in terms of our western life. To the person familiar, however, with actual conditions in India, the one thing most impressive about Gandhi's program of *Khaddar*, or native spinning, is its perfect adaptation to the economic needs of the country. This person knows that the political and psychological features of Gandhi's "substitution of hand work for the machine" are incidental to the economic features which constitute its real and unshakable foundation.

An authoritative statement of the facts may be found in a book entitled "The Economics of *Khaddar*," written by Richard B. Gregg, a young American who went to India with precisely Mr. Bliven's views of the case, and in the course of a three years' stay in the country became entirely converted to the program of native-spinning as the one sound solution of India's peculiar economic problem. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

New York City.

Universal Conscription

SIR: The danger of the passage of some universal draft bill next winter is more serious than is realized. The danger lies in the fact that the American Legion and the War Department have decided to concentrate their energies upon securing some such bill during the next session of Congress, and the slogans which they are using, "Abolish War Profiteering" and "Draft Dollars As Well As Man-Power," though they are false and entirely unjustified by the facts, are nevertheless alluring.

Three draft bills are under consideration: The Capper-Johnson bill, the War Department's bill, and the Reed-Wainwright bill.

The Capper-Johnson bill has been backed for seven years by the American Legion and has never been reported out of committee. The reason lies in the nature of the bill. It gives the President power to proclaim himself in time of peace a superdictator "when in his opinion war threatens" with power to fix all prices and wages and with absolute control over all railroads, mines, factories, banks, etc.; and to draft all male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five "into the service of the United States" whether they are at the front or in factories or mines or on the farm.

To anyone familiar with the history of the last war it is unnecessary to point out that, far from "taking the profit out of war," this bill would enable the President's "dollar-a-year" men to fix the profits as high as their consciences would permit.

There is no danger of this bill's passing.

The War Department's bill, which was introduced into both Houses of Congress on May 13, empowers the President to proclaim an annual universal registration day when all males between eighteen and forty-five must register for service "in the public armed forces of the United States," authorizes the imprisonment of all conscientious objectors who refuse to register for military service, sets up paid drafts boards with arbitrary power as in war-time—all of this in time of peace. Without going further into this bill, it is clear that public sentiment would not support choking our prisons with conscientious objectors in a time of profound peace. This bill has met with no encouragement in the press. The War Department has promised to supplement it later with a bill for conscription of industry.

The bill on which the military forces expect to concentrate is the Reed-Wainwright bill, which provides for the appointment of a commission to be composed of four members of the House, four of the Senate, the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce, Labor and Agriculture, and five other persons not holding any official or government position. In the preamble of this bill we find the familiar slogan:

> Whereas, to take the profits out of war and to require equal service of all, and any special profits to any, will be conducive to peace (which is our traditional policy). . . .

No legislation will equalize the burdens of war or abolish profiteering. War conditions and human nature combine to make this dream a will-o'-the-wisp. Any bill that can be drawn will

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in practice do what the Capper-Johnson bill would do—legalize unconscionable profits.

But the peculiar evil of this legislation now is its inopportune character. The scene is set in Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan and the United States for genuine progress towards peace. Peace psychology is in the air. Even to discuss an unprecedented preparation for war in the safest country in the world, next winter, will be highly unfortunate. The passage of such legislation would be an international disaster.

Washington, D. C. FREDERICK J. LIBBY.

The Florentine Renaissance

SIR: Culture is spreading in Europe. They are learning about American literature. A clipping bureau in Switzerland sends me a clipping from a paper in Florence; unfortunately the name is blurred but it is possible to be identified by this much which is legible: "NITA CATTOLICA." From this article I learn of the following American writers: WALT WITMAN, EDGARD POE, MARCK TWAIN, NATANIELE HAWPHONE, MERVILLE, ERZA POUND, and yours truly,

Pasadena, Cal. UPTON SINCLAIR.

The Censorship of "All Quiet"

SIR: In your editorial of June 26, 1929, "Nice Nellie, the Censor," you give as the one reason for the toning down of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" "the fear on the part of the publishers that the distribution of the book might be held up." Permit us, therefore, to explain the true reasons for our action.

When we read the English translation we knew that the book as it stood would offend some people by its frankness, and that under the Massachusetts law, which judges a book not as a whole but by as little as a single phrase, its sale would probably be stopped in Boston, a very serious matter for a Boston publisher who manufactures and distributes from within the state. We decided, however, to take this risk, and did no more than delete three words having to do with the bodily functions. We then offered the book to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and while it was still being considered by the club's judges, the English edition was published, and while most of the reviews were favorable in the extreme, two or three reviewers condemned the book as coarse and vulgar. We believe that it is the greatest book about the War yet written, and that for the good of humanity it should have the widest possible circulation; we therefore concluded that it might be best not to offend the less sophisticated of its potential public and were therefore wholly satisfied to make the changes suggested by the Book-of-the-Month Club *after* the judges had unanimously voted for the book. In addition to the omission of a few sentences and slight changes in phraseology, two passages of some length were cut out; both were quite strong; they were unimportant to the story but did add color to it; one of them came very early in the book, and might have caused some readers to throw it aside. The theme of this passage is indicated by two of the deleted paragraphs:

> The soldier is on friendlier terms than other men with his stomach and intestines. Three-quarters of his vocabulary is derived from these regions, and they give an intimate flavor to expressions of his greatest joy as well as of his deepest indignation. It is impossible to express oneself in any other way so clearly and pithily. Our families and our teachers will be shocked when we go home, but here it is the universal language.
>
> Enforced publicity has in our eyes restored the character of complete innocence to all these things. More than that, they are so much a matter of course that their comfortable performance is fully as much enjoyed as the playing of a safe top running flush. Not for nothing was the word "latrine-rumor" invented; these places are the regimental gossip-shops and common-rooms.

From the artistic standpoint I regret the changes made, but with a view to the widest possible reading of the book I approve of them. I am convinced that the American version, as it stands, remains a great book, and better suited than the English edition to the tastes of our public. ALFRED R. MCINTYRE,

PRESIDENT, Little, Brown and Company.

Boston, Mass.

Wolf Solent

SIR: The review of "Wolf Solent" in your issue of June 28 was very disappointing. We have become accustomed to a certain ready appreciation, on the part of New Republic reviewers, for just those qualities which made Mr. Powys' novel the literary event of the year—subtlety and maturity of thought, uniqueness of content and form, and a superlative beauty of style that should console a generation nourished on a hasty journalism mistaken for literature. Your reviewer made the remarkable mistake of concluding to the unworthiness of the book by arguing from the unworthiness of the central character of the story. Of course Wolf is a failure, as we all are; and it was precisely Mr. Powys' intention, as I understood it, to reveal to us the process of human failure, the brooding of ineffectual introversion, the despair and defeat that face so many sensitive spirits in a world made not for poets but for warriors. If he has shown us that process intimately, if he has made us, by quiet indirection, realize the typical and symbolic humanity of his poor hero, if he has bared our own souls to us ruthlessly and yet tenderly, he has achieved the first quality of great literature—that through one man it shall portray all men, that through one life it shall reveal all life. Yes, the book "meanders," and flows leisurely to no clear goal. But are there clear goals in life?—and is it not well to move leisurely to ends that may not be what we sought at all? Thank God for these meanderings, these incalculable flights of Powys' fancy into hidden lanes whose gardens would have been unseen from the straight way. And when I think of the prose in which this complex web is woven, the poetry that modestly takes on the garb of prose, I see that "Wolf Solent" has the second quality of great literature—that it is beautiful. I welcome it gratefully as the finest novel that I have read in many years.

WILL DURANT.

Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

A Physician on Birth Control

SIR: As a practising physician, and in a small village, I observe:

First, that if it were as easy not to have children as it is to have them, no family of average intelligence would have more than a very limited number of offspring.

Second, that even those of lower intelligence, if they knew how or could conveniently accomplish it, would at least not have them as often as the Lord sends them—which may be a birth or occasionally two to each year of married life.

Third, that some contraceptive methods practised among the very intelligent are 100 percent perfect. And furthermore such practices not only do not cause undesirable physical or mental effects, but, because of the satisfactory results, are a positive influence to happy marital and family life.

Fourth, that even among the average people any well recommended known contraceptive would produce, with proper instruction, 95 percent satisfactory results.

Fifth, that while no known contraceptive method is as desirable, to most people, as free (I object to the term natural or normal) relationship, continence as a contraceptive method will be almost uniformly adjudged the most difficult of them all, the least desirable and almost impossible to carry out for any length of time. Here is the fallacy of Mr. P. J. Ward's argument: his admission (his, for the Church is too wise to commit such an error) that *he does not object to the limitation of offspring.* That, one may deduce, is a legitimate aspiration of a married couple. All *he* wants is that that couple use continence—the most difficult, the most impossible of all contraceptive methods known. He insists on a little or a great big hell on earth in order to accomplish that which he admits is a legitimate attainment of a married couple. If that is not an argument of the Devil himself I'd like to know what is? L. H. M.

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Karl Marx

Karl Marx—His Life and Work, by Otto Rühle. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. 419 pages. $5.

Capital—The Process of Capitalist Production, by Karl Marx. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: International Publishers. 927 pages. $3.75.

THE history of revolution in Europe during the nineteenth century must be gleaned from the writings, letters, and biographies of the men who sustained the movement amid the martyrdom of personal suffering and the tragedy of unfulfilled hopes. The salient moments, when the movement came to the surface, as in the Three Days of July, the revolutions of '48, and the brief triumph of the Paris Commune, have been treated with the partisanship of general history written by opponents. To correct the copious mass of misinformation, to secure the true perspective upon events, it is necessary to follow the interlocking careers of Proudhon, Blanc, Bakunin, Mazzini, Lassalle, Herzen, and, above all, Karl Marx. The story is not an easy one to decipher, nor is it altogether an edifying one. If human nature appears sometimes at its best, it often shows at its pettiest and worst. A noble design of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice is frequently marred by humiliating hypocrisy and egoism. It is the singular virtue of Herr Rühle's book that he tells the story as it is revealed in the career of Karl Marx with indisputable candor and clearness. His book is a sound and vital exposition of modern socialism from the historical point of view.

Marx was born at Trèves, of Jewish parents who had become Protestants. He married into the petty nobility, and seemed destined for an official or academic career. He revolted early against the political authority of the bourgeois capitalistic state and the intellectual domination of Hegel, and threw himself into the propagandist ferment that preceded '48. One journalistic venture, one organization, succeeded another. In 1847 he and Engels launched the Communist Manifesto. In 1848, he was summoned to Paris by the provisional government and thence set out for Germany to spread the movement. With its collapse he and his family became fugitives, and, after 1849, lived in London in circumstances of extreme difficulty, supported mainly by the bounty of Friedrich Engels, while he devoted himself to writing the first volume of *"Das Kapital."* He continued to exercise his authority over the revolutionary movement, however, within which he fought to a finish all whom he suspected of rivalry: Proudhon, Lassalle, and, above all, Bakunin. He tried to consolidate all labor forces in the Workingmen's International Association—the First International—but he lived to see the organization collapse, and the Socialist party in Germany, where it was strongest, forsake its revolutionary creed and become merely revisionist and reformist. Struggling with poverty, illness, and disappointment in practical results, he continued to work out his theory in the second and third volumes of *"Das Kapital,"* until his death in 1883.

It is the fashion today to disparage Marx as an industrious collector of facts, a pedant who studied industry from a chair in the British Museum and never saw the inside of a factory, a logician whose laws, formulated from his vastly accumulated data, do not work, and a prophet whose predictions do not come off. Something of the same fate has overtaken Darwin. Both men were agents in the same effort to read the world in the light of ascertained fact. The two men were strictly contemporaries. Although *"Das Kapital"* followed "The Origin of Species" by eight years, yet in 1859, the year of the appearance of Darwin's work, Marx published his "Critique of Political Economy," as a preliminary exposition of a study on which he had been engaged already for some years. Herr Rühle rightly notes: "Just as Darwin discovered the law of evolution in organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of evolution in human history." If, like Darwin, Marx tended to place too much stress on certain factors, his method and his main thesis cannot be overthrown. Survival in a physical sense, as a primary impulse, is as true of human nature as of animal. Industry is the means by which the mass of mankind survives, and in which, therefore, each individual has a direct interest. The administration of industry by private capital has called into existence an immense mass of human beings, the proletarian workers, whose welfare is not the first charge upon industry—which is, in fact, a by-product of the prosperity of the capitalist interested primarily in securing a surplus of production above what is necessary to supply the essentials and simple amenities of life. That private capital is "the command of unpaid labor," is a fact which appeals to general observation. As Ruskin remarked: "No man can become largely rich by his personal toil—it is only by the discovery of some method of taxing the labor of others that he can become opulent."

Whether private capitalism is doomed by virtue of the inevitable conflict between the material productive forces of society and the property relations within which they have hitherto moved may be left to the adjudication of the future, in view of the appearance of factors in a development subsequent to that of which Marx had knowledge. Whether private property moves toward its dissolution through the generation of a proletariat conscious of its own mental and physical poverty depends, we must admit, upon the morale of that proletariat, its capacity to sustain the class war, a capacity which at present writing seems doubtful enough. Marx himself recognized the impossibility of revolution so long as the officers of the capitalist system can keep the ship on her course and the pumps going. So long they will hold the crew to their work. In 1850, with the disillusionment of '48 in mind, he wrote: "There can be no talk of a real revolution at such a time as this, when general prosperity prevails, when the productive forces of a bourgeois society are flourishing as luxuriantly as possible within the framework of bourgeois conditions. Such a revolution can only take place in periods when these two factors, the modern forces of production and the bourgeois forms of production [*i. e.*, by private enterprise] are in antagonism." But he sometimes recognized psychological elements as controlling factors. "You say that shame cannot make a revolution?" he wrote to Arnold Ruge. "I answer that shame is itself already a revolution—if a whole nation were really ashamed, the lion crouching for a spring would refrain."

Herr Rühle stresses the fact that Marx grew up in an intellectual world dominated by Hegel. For the latter's view of idea as "the animating principle of the world process—as something self-existent, apart from reality and the happenings of experience," Marx substituted the concept that ideas are copies of reality, copies formed by a materialistic process. Herr Rühle thinks that the triumph of hurling Hegel from his intellectual throne was a strong motive in determining Marx's youthful ambition, and it may well be so. In any case, the Hegelian dialectic served Marx well in the development of his theory, and the lack

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of such intellectual equipment on the part of those who were at different times his allies and opponents in the socialistic movement drew his unmitigated scorn, especially in the case of Proudhon.

Marx's personal relations formed no beautiful pattern, as Herr Rühle is candid enough to admit. The suspicion, jealousy, arrogance, and contempt with which he treated all who came into contact with him suggest an active and inflamed inferiority complex. Carl Schurz, who knew him in the days of the '48, testified:

> Never have I seen anyone whose manner was more insufferably arrogant. He would not give a moment's consideration to any opinion that differed from his own. He treated with open contempt everyone who contradicted him. Arguments that were not to his taste were answered either by mordant sarcasms upon the speaker's lamentable ignorance, or else by casting suspicion upon the motives of his adversary.

To this, Herr Rühle adds:

> His arrogance, his self-conceit, his dogmatism and disputatiousness and irritability, must reveal themselves to everyone who understands human nature as masks for a lack of self-confidence, under stress of which he was perpetually trying to avert the danger of exposure. . . . He could not listen quietly to an opponent, because he was afraid that his opponent might get the better of him if allowed to continue. He could not tolerate rivals because he was perpetually tortured with the dread lest it should become apparent in one way or another that not he, but his rival, was the ablest of the able, the most efficient of the efficient, the most revolutionary of the revolutionists.

He goes even farther and accuses Marx of hunting up "'the most abominable, most odious inventions,' flinging them as charges against Lassalle—on whom he wished to revenge himself because he had not succeeded in extorting from him as much money as he wanted." Particularly toward Bakunin was his conduct outrageous. The two men were temperamentally at opposite poles. "He called me," wrote Bakunin, "a sentimental idealist, and he was right. I called him gloomy, unreliable, and vain, and I was right, too." That Marx was justified by his fanatical devotion to the liberation of the proletariat in his policy of expelling Bakunin from the International, Herr Rühle believes; but that to secure his object he should have descended to personal calumny is, he rightly observes, a condemnation of Marx himself. Nor is the bitter humor of the spectacle lost on the biographer:

> A council of international revolutionaries whose main business is to blow to smithereens the world of private property and bourgeois morality, is induced by its leader to pass a vote of reprobation and bring a sentence of expulsion upon one of the most brilliant, heroic, and fascinating revolutionists the world has ever known, on the ground that this revolutionist has misappropriated bourgeois property. Is it possible to point to anything more painfully absurd in the whole story of the human race?

Absurd—and also tragic! No element in revolutionary history is more so than the constant recurrence among the little band of men, all outlawed because of their espousal of the cause of a better world, of suspicion, jealousy, and mutual malevolence. Undoubtedly their isolation makes for mutual distrust. As one reads the records of party quarrels among the revolutionists today, one imagines that the spirit of Karl Marx is still ranging abroad.

This is not the note on which to close a perusal of Herr Rühle's fascinating volume. There were two men in Marx, the individualist and the socialist. In his craving for personal predominance, he was more than humanly weak. In his sense of the supreme call of society he was superhumanly strong. He was a great communist because he felt communism a reality, and lived it. This is Herr Rühle's final verdict:

> Just as Antæus developed a giant's strength as soon as he touched the earth, so Marx, as soon as he felt the ground of the community under his feet, was endowed with the power of courageously ignoring all the uncertainties, doubts, pusillanimities, and cowardices which would otherwise have hindered his advance. . . . His monumental greatness was the outcome of the overwhelming powers of a spiritual community-sense.

The translation of the first volume of "Capital" by the same practised hand, is the only one in English based on the fourth and final German edition. Like the biography, it is a complete translation, clothing the original in a living English style.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Poet Writes a Play

Balloon, a Comedy in Four Acts, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. 123 pages. $2.

THOUGH Padraic Colum's "Balloon" cannot be regarded as an "intellectual" play, it is none the less true that its writing must have first been impelled by a general idea. To put it briefly, Mr. Colum purports to show that a man's acts are significant only as they are expressions of his own inner being, and that a world where action becomes a value in itself is a ludicrous and empty show.

But this is the world we live in; and in the play it is represented by the great hotel in Megalopolis. Here are gathered all the heroes of the earth, the moral and literal acrobats whose astonishing and useless feats make the daily spectacle of our civilization. Here athletic actresses, esthetic millionaires, erudite sportsmen and lettered politicians pass in a fleeting and colorful pageant. And on the square outside the hotel stands Mr. Colum's little hero, Casper, who, like all of us, yearns to be part of the glory he beholds but cannot share. If the opportunity offered itself, he wonders, could he too not accomplish some overwhelming deed to place him with these fabulous creatures? Fortune favors him, and he is enabled to take a room in the hotel for a day. Because he is a person simple enough to be extraordinary he wins a momentary notoriety. But he soon learns that the most beautiful woman in the hotel is a girl he once knew when he was traveling with a sort of circus, the most companionable man, an old clown of the same company. More than one opportunity for the "great" deed is offered him—the most sensational being the chance to steal away in a balloon with his girl—but he seems inadequate to all of them. At last he renounces the idea of doing things he didn't want to do in the first place, and, with his girl, returns to the square, his trade and the open road.

With such material, a satire or a philosophic parable might have been written. But though "Balloon" may be said to include elements of both, it is neither one nor the other. The quality of Mr. Colum's talent is not for these forms. His comedy is essentially a fairy-tale. When we

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have seized its spirit we discover that the locale of its action is not so much the great hotel which the stage directions indicate, as a comic wonderland peopled by elves and sprites created in the image of journalists, opera-singers, ambassadors and prize-fighters! Mr. Colum's gift has a happy ambiguity, a peculiar and adorable unconsciousness that lends these figures their original charm. They seem to have been conceived in all seriousness, even, if one could credit Mr. Colum with such candor, as realistic characters. They are utterly unaware of their doll-like and puckish absurdity. They wear their little masks very gravely, and with incongruous suddenness perform their grandiose and impossible little gestures. They behave according to a logic of their own. They are poised, reasonable and unexpectedly perverse. We might, at first, mistake them for bodies of flesh and blood, but soon we note that there is something awry in everything they do. They are puppets whom the author believes in as people. The protagonists alone are sufficiently developed to have emotions, and, in them, emotion is only a kind of wistfulness.

To use a facile critical formula, "Balloon" is a minor treatment of a major theme. But it has nevertheless a significance that exceeds its own individual scope. For a retrospective summary will show us that Mr. Colum has succeeded in doing what most of the expressionists, in an entirely different mood and more deliberately, have really been trying to do. He has taken a socially vital subject and has presented it in theatrical terms that are both universal and immediately relevant. If there is a tendency in the modern theater, this is it. This is what the contemporary dramatist is groping for; a form that will create new myths and new symbols to express in the most general and complete manner the preoccupations of our day.

Mr. Colum has succeeded in this crucial artistic task not through any theory or awareness of our esthetic needs, but because he is a poet. Because he is a poet his plot and nearly all its details are deeply right. He is right when he makes his hero a sidewalk telescope-operator, he is right in his use of the hotel as the center of the externalized world, he is right when he introduces his artists (the dancing-girl and the clown) as employees at that hotel. These details, moreover, are not merely static literary metaphors. They are admirable *theatrical* images: the man of the theater can work with them.

Here, then, is a paradox, a paradox with a moral. A poet has written a play that has greater theatrical than literary interest. This suggests that, were they encouraged to do so, the poets and other creative literary artists might be more apt to provide our theater with fresh themes and new impulses than the hacks and showmen now engaged in the profession. For the poets are still on speaking terms with their inner selves and, through their sensibility, still have some connections with the world around them, while the ordinary playwrights are intent only on a theater already divorced from everything but its own shallow routine.

To do their part in the theater, however, the poets cannot, of course, remain outside it. With more intimate knowledge of the art, they will learn that the largely contemplative attitude of the literary man is wrong for the playwright. Like everyone else in the theater, he must, in a psychological sense, be himself an actor. He must consider the play not as something he watches and listens to, but something he himself *acts*. In this respect "Balloon" betrays its literary derivation. The writing of some of the speeches and very frequently their ordering reveal Mr. Colum as still innocent of any sure theatrical instinct.

HAROLD CLURMAN.

The Scholar in Public Affairs

America and Europe, and Other Essays, by Alfred Zimmern. New York: Oxford University Press. 213 pages. $3.

MR. ZIMMERN'S mighty little essay, "Learning and Leadership," and his position as Deputy-Director of the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation, have fixed attention on his political writing, and this collection of papers demands careful examination. The task is pleasant, however. Mr. Zimmern's richly endowed and supple mind deals boldly with the facts of international affairs. He can make decisions about fundamentals without boxing them up in closed philosophic systems—thinking, in fact, after the best British tradition and finding a natural place in the line that comes down through Mill and Bagehot and Bryce to the present group of liberal scholars who are clarifying in suave prose the muddles of practical compromise.

"America and Europe," the paper after which the book is named, is not the most significant. There is a group which sets forth ideas about the possibility and machinery of international organization which counts for more. Here is one man convinced that democracies can govern the world as well as themselves, but he believes that no institutions have as yet been developed which meet the present need. Dictatorships are not "mere usurpations of domestic power; rather they represent an almost desperate effort to break out of the vicious circle of parochial politics. . . ." Democracies must create institutions which can work effectively in the international as well as the national domain, be capable of rapid readjustments, and still remain responsive to local centers of power. Centralization of economic forces must be paralleled by decentralization of political controls so that domestic questions can be settled at home while foreign affairs are being managed by instruments really international. Sovereignty is an outworn concept and coöperation is quietly taking its place.

Lest anyone should suppose this new type of institution outside the possibilities of practical politics, Mr. Zimmern refers again and again to the British Commonwealth of Nations. "The British Commonwealth is held together today by influence, not by command . . . the Imperial Conference of 1926 denotes . . . probably the greatest surrender of power ever made by any government at any single moment. But, in the light of political reality, it represents a leap forward in the organization of the British Commonwealth from an eighteenth-century to a twentieth-century system."

To this system, the League of Nations, which he calls the other "great example of a post-war political institution," is absolutely necessary. The Commonwealth cannot survive except in a world organized for peace, and world organization can be based only on knowledge to which there are no short cuts and for which international "love" is no substitute. International contacts through government, commerce, travel, study abroad, even a synthetic language, are good, but they also are not enough. Education must be added, and education for understanding must be as much as possible the result of vital contacts between personalities representing acknowledged equal cultures, and by seeking out always the most difficult problems for settlement.

Mr. Zimmern discusses other subjects. He believes America can learn that Europe is not decadent while Europe is learning that America has something besides crude power. He has a word of good will for the American undergraduate, and a puzzled protest against making business men presidents of universities. Politics is his great

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concern, however, politics as an art, a servant to other arts as all are servants to life itself. There is an advantage in the fact that these papers are gathered from the writing of half a dozen years. The steadiness of his faith is thus better shown, and this kind of thought, carefully considered, urbanely spoken, gains something from our realization that it is based on a stable point of view which passing events have strengthened and confirmed.

LYMAN BRYSON.

A Specialist in War

Foch Speaks, by Major Charles Bugnet. New York: The Dial Press. 308 pages. $3.

MAJOR BUGNET is not a professional biographer, but the man who happened to be aide-de-camp to Foch from June, 1921, until the Marshal's death. His book, in consequence, is not written from any particular literary or psychological angle, but takes its tone from its subject. It is straightforward, emphatic, confident, factual, not subtle, not imaginative, limited in scope. It gives a reliable, unaffectedly laudatory picture of Foch; it shows him sending thousands of young men to their death (in order to save thousands of others), but it does not explain him, except in vague terms of patriotism and religion. Perhaps no better explanation is possible; Foch was not particularly ambitious; one of the greatest conquerors in history, there is nothing romantic about him. War was his business, and apparently he thought no more of its implications than the average Chicago packer thinks of the alarming situation of the average steer.

The author's first meeting with Foch was typical. He had prepared a speech of complimentary remarks, protestations of devotion, thanks for the honor of his appointment. Foch, brusque but not rude, cut him short, gave him his orders, dismissed him with a gesture. He took for granted everything Bugnet had been about to say. Like most successful men, he had a horror of wasting time. He drew a sharp distinction between the amenities of civilization and the fatuities which always threaten a man in his position; he came to the point at once, and lost patience with those who didn't. This was carried to such a point that Foch did not care to discuss much that lay outside his field; he made no pretense of knowing, or caring, about literature and the fine arts; indeed, took a rather childlike pride in the fact that he had never read a word of Anatole France. He was interested in facts, not in ideas, and for that reason does not seem very interesting himself, except as a phenomenon. If we are to believe Major Bugnet, work was to him not so much a means to an end as an end in itself. His office room "is enormous, and little encumbered with furniture: a low bookcase on which a barometer is perched, a few chairs and armchairs . . . . arranged along the edge of the carpet. . . . For ornament not a single painting, not a single trophy. On the walls, maps of Europe and Germany fixed by drawing-pins. In the front of the working-table stands an armchair, with a swivel seat, and close at hand is a telephone. . . . All around its edge [the table's] stands a barricade of books, files, and calendars. Every day the barricade rises a little higher. Sometimes, after a rearrangement, it extends its foundations and begins to grow still higher. In front of a letter-rack spreads a large blotter-pad fitting like a nest into this enclosing wall."

As the title indicates, Foch's personal views are set down in this book. They are printed, as he said them, in italics. Major Bugnet reports them faithfully, but sometimes tries to tone them down by interpretations of a rather sophistical nature. "Gifts?" says Foch. "There is no such thing." What he means, explains the author, is that natural gifts are rare. "Far from denying the existence of such gifts, he believes in them and looks out for them." Most of Foch's remarks are of the same sort: Work hard, carry things through to a finish, say what you mean, information is useless, do not plan, act! Foch was a practical man; he was continually in action, and never wasted his time in thinking what it was all about. He was the king of specialists. "Futile regrets, hollow dreams, vague ambitions, idle diversions, the Marshal dispels or despises. His thoughts are not troubled by them, his will is unaware of them. Similarly he dismisses or scorns all that touches upon politics or literature, however remotely. 'Leave that alone: it is not in my province,' he tells you."

Major Bugnet's book gives a trustworthy picture of a man of strong character, great reserve, dignity and rather austere charm. The sincere but restrained hero-worship with which he regards his commander is perhaps the best attitude for a military biographer, but I should like to see Mr. Guedalla or Mr. Winkler give us a more objectively viewed Foch. It would increase, rather than detract from, his stature were we to see him occasionally *en pantoufles.*

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Touring by Tramp Steamer

Blue Glamor, by Webb Waldron. Illustrated by Marion Patton Waldron. New York: The John Day Company. 287 pages. $4.

THERE is always a slight shock when someone else actually takes one's advice. For years I went up and down the land telling people that the way to see the Mediterranean was in a tramp steamer where you are released from the bondage of *la tourisme,* from the boiled shirt in the dining saloon, and from the interminable boredom of deck-sports and amateur fancy-dress dances. Few, as the bookings of tourist-agencies bear witness, took any notice of my words. I became skeptical of the scheme myself. I was told tramp steamers were no longer available for stray wanderers, that they had all been bought up and turned into tourist third-cabin ships.

Yet here the Waldrons have done the very thing I had suggested years ago. They boarded the "Kalkaska" in Brooklyn and sailed away into the land of their childhood's dreams. They went to all the ports that really matter in the Mediterranean. They did what any sensible married couple could do if they can divest themselves of the snobbish passion for fancy steamer-labels and classy hotel stickers. No doubt there are worthy and superior people who must have ultra-modern furnishings in their suite when they go to Europe. But in spite of the discomfort the tramp steamer has the edge on the *cruise de luxe,* for the true connoisseur of life and travel. After all the "Kalkaska" was far faster and more comfortable than the East Indiaman which carried Lord Macaulay to India, or the ship in which Lady Mary Montague sailed to the Levant.

You must read this book to get its quality. Not so deep or so boring as the learned Count Keyserling or the prolific Ludwig, but full of amusing interest for the average intelligent reader. Read the account of the taxi ride to Mycenæ and the telephoning to Argos. It is good hu-

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man stuff. It will not give you the Mediterranean, this gay book, but it will give you a great desire to find somebody who knows a line owning tramp steamers.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

A Book for Misogynists

Poor Women! by Norah Hoult. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"THESE stories are not propaganda," the author explains on the jacket. "Any sensitive young woman comes up against the unpalatable fact that it is one of her most important jobs as a woman to conciliate the man. He may be her father, her employer, her lover, her husband—the point is that the great majority of women are economically dependent on some man." But the book is much less propagandist than you might expect from this disavowal. There is no pleading, no defense of the seven luckless heroines. As the merciless light is focused on one tortuous, frightened, female mind after another, every blemish and defect glares back at you. These women suffer from poverty, from laziness, from vanity, from lack of physical attractions, from self-consciousness, from that worst handicap—fading youth. In addition they all suffer from fear.

There is Ethel, who hated and nagged her husband John, and finally left him. When he gets a comfortable appointment and she loses her lover, she makes a crude attempt to seduce John again. There is Violet, restless and self-pitying at sixteen, learning how to handle men from the cheap, sophisticated Miss Carey in her office—how to handle them as enemies. There is the pious Alice, whose devotion to her pastor cuts short a rapid flirtation with a stranger. One, Monica, spends a hysterical evening waiting for the lover who has penitently returned to his wife. By morning she has thought up an old flame to marry. There is Mrs. Johnson, for whose profession age disqualifies her, consoling herself, after a fruitless evening by the thought that some of the girls were kind enough to buy her drinks of beer. The two most sympathetic of the heroines are middle-aged Miss Jocelyn, desperately hunting a job to avoid living in the household of a charitable cousin, and Bridget, the servant girl, paralyzed by hate of her mistress, and fear that she herself is pregnant.

The author is not defending their characters or even pitying them primarily; she is looking for a reason. All their weakness and pettiness, she seems to say, come from the shame of needing the favor of men. A little wealth and power in their own right would give them self-respect and honesty. Perhaps—but how about the laziness of five of them? Does it spring from their emotional preoccupations, or the hopelessness and dullness of their possible jobs?

Dull and hopeless most jobs are, worse for women than for men, worse in England than here. Yet the economic argument is double-barrelled. A woman may have to cajole her employer for $40 a week, but a man has to cajole his for $80, and turn half of it over to the sensitive wife and daughters whose "most important job" it is to conciliate him. The emotional argument is double-barrelled, too. These women fear their men, as most men intuitively fear women and the emotions which bind them to women. The result is a dismal warfare in which the ladies are bound to lose. All their crafty little intrigues and furtive dabs with the lipstick at critical moments avail less than a few ounces of courage and affection and understanding. These qualities, Miss Hoult implies, are destroyed by economic insecurity. I wonder.

MARIAN TYLER.

Cold Steel

Cold Steel, by M. P. Shiel. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

SPEED and quantity have never been pushed to such a pitch as in this historical romance. Such an astonishing book is obviously sufficient excuse for its shortcomings. Yet in the rush of the present work there is at times a satisfying sincerity of emotion. At other times the impulse for swifter action and more deeply contrasted colors drives the author's sentimental passages dangerously near to bathos.

Back in 1912 the St. Nicholas Magazine carried romances of this stripe, if not of this caliber. Here the same jiu-jitsu methods are used to wrench characters from their true orientations at a moment's notice so that the exigencies of any one of the many breathless plots may be properly dealt with. In an instant your blackest blackguard turns noble. Like a flash heroes and villains alike read the whole of an inscrutable truth from the merest shred of a clue. In the same summary fashion motives are pushed hither and yon. The stock figures of Henry VIII, Queen Katherine, Anne Boleyn, Wolsey and Francis I of France are freshly sketched in. Mr. Shiel has an amazingly vivid thumb-nail technique. In one short paragraph he can entirely re-shape the course of events, fight a duel, kill a man and describe a sixteenth-century shoelace.

The chronicle, a strange vessel of chryselephantine crockery brimming with raw spirits and honey, is undoubtedly popular stuff. Be prepared for a street encounter between nineteen individuals of five factions in the opening chapters. This paves the way for the siege of a castle during which the leaders of seven factions ride down the lists in deadly, earnest tournament. This siege makes the one described in "The Cloister and the Hearth" appear thin and insipid. The tournament pages are illuminations ripped from the works of Froissart. If the earliest imagined use of a heavier-than-air machine as a device for planting an anchor in a forest fails to fascinate you, a suicide and double death near the close, though obvious, will certainly touch the heart; while modern Europe, springing from Pope Clement VII's change of mind, should bring you back to reality with something to think about.

C. A. CHAPMAN.

Contributors

HIRAM MOTHERWELL, long a foreign correspondent of the Chicago Daily News in Rome and elsewhere, is now editor of The Theater Guild Magazine in New York.

WITTER BYNNER is a poet and a playwright.

RALPH BORSODI is director of the Fairchild Analytical Bureau, New York City, and the author of several books including "The Distribution Age" and "National Advertising vs. Prosperity."

RUTH MORGAN, of New York City, is vice-president of the National League of Woman Voters, in charge of international affairs.

DUFF GILFOND is a Washington journalist.

HAROLD CLURMAN is the reader of English plays for The Theater Guild.

LYMAN BRYSON, author and lecturer, is a specialist on international relations.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN has written reviews for The Herald Tribune Books, The New Republic, and other magazines.

WILLIAM MCFEE is the author of "Casuals of the Sea," "Command" and other books.

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